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A REVIEW (QUARTERLY).

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ROBERT PROCTOR; by ALFRED W. POLLARD . . . . .	1
RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE . . . . .	35
NET BOOKS. WHY IT IS NOT PRACTICABLE TO MAKE A REDUCTION IN THEIR PRICE TO LIBRARIES; by ROBERT MACLEHOSE . . . . .	52
THE PERCEVAL LEGEND IN LITERATURE; by JESSIE L. WESTON . . . . .	59
THE WATER-MARKS IN PAPER; by GILBERT R. REDGRAVE . . . . .	91
PUBLIC UTILIZATION OF EXISTING LIBRARIES; by JAMES DUFF BROWN . . . . .	93
NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK . . . . .	103

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Robert Proctor

Second Series,  
No. 17, VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1904.

## THE LIBRARY.

ROBERT PROCTOR.



OBERT GEORGE COLLIER PROCTOR, whose name will not lightly be forgotten by students of early printing, was born at Budleigh Salterton in Devonshire on May 13, 1868. In a sketch so slight as this much genealogy would be out of place, and I will therefore not try to trace his pedigree from the baby Proctor to whom Queen Anne, as his godmother, presented, by way of 'christening mug,' a silver tankard bearing the royal arms and of truly royal dimensions, which is still preserved in the family. It is more to our purpose to note the literary and intellectual influences among his immediate forebears. His grandfather, whom we may call Robert I., in 1825 published with Archibald Constable and Co. a 'Narrative of a Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes and of a Residence in Lima and other parts of Peru in the years 1823 and 1824' (pp. xx. 374). A note in the family copy of this work states that 'the Author was the second son of George Proctor of Clewer Lodge, Windsor, and was born there the 25th April, 1798. He entered the army and served in the 59th Regiment for a short time, until Peace put a stop to promotion,

during which time he was wrecked with his regiment on the coast of Ireland in the Lord Melville transport. He took the journey described as Agent for the Contractor of the Peruvian Loan. He died the 12th November, 1875." Apparently this was Robert I.'s only essay in authorship, though he lived to be seventy-seven, and had leisure enough to divide his life between Italy and England. He had, however, one very literary connection, having married a sister of the well-known scholar John Payne Collier, to whom he was already related through their fathers having married sisters. Of the marriage of Robert I. with Miss Collier, Robert II., our friend's father, was the elder of two sons, while of the two daughters one married George Street, R.A. the architect of the Law Courts. The second Mr. Robert Proctor was educated at Eton and Charterhouse, where he imbibed a strong love of the classics, but during one of his school-holidays a severe attack of rheumatic fever so crippled him that he was shut out not only from the University but from any active career in after life. The keen strong face which is seen in his photographs shows, however, that he was not in the ordinary sense an invalid, but able to take his full share in all intellectual interests. In 1867 he entered on thirteen years of a very happy married life with Miss Anne Tate, and of this marriage Robert George Collier Proctor, born the next year, was the only offspring.

When a father, himself a good classic and of strong literary instinct, is perforce at home all day, an only child soon acquires bookish tastes. It is thus not surprising to be told that no one knew

quite how the small Robert III. learnt to read, and that a book rather than a toy was always chosen when a present was offered. At some early age he went to a preparatory school (Daymond's) at Reading, and got on there only too quickly. At ten he was sent to Marlborough, but remained there less than a year, partly owing to trouble with his eyes, which made it desirable that they should be carefully watched. In the meantime his father had died, and mother and son now settled down at Bath, with a devotion to each other which ripened into a delightful comradeship. More than any other influence this friendship with his mother enriched and harmonized the whole of Robert Proctor's life, and though it is far too sacred a subject to be written of lightly, the warmth of the relation between them must be borne in mind by any one who would understand his character.

Bath College now became Proctor's school, and as to his life here the following notes have been kindly supplied by his headmaster, Mr. T. W. Dunn, to whom he dedicated in after years his monograph on 'Greek Printing in the Fifteenth Century.'

'Robert Proctor left Marlborough, where the climate was thought too severe for him, and came to Bath College in January, 1881, and remained there till he went to Oxford, October, 1886, after gaining an open scholarship at Corpus.

'I remember him better than I remember any boy of his time, for he had many claims to be remembered, though, as often in the case of men of the more gifted order, it is not easy to say in what those claims consisted.

He stood aloof from his fellows in an isolation that lost him no respect or goodwill of boys or masters, from whom he seemed to want little, though always willing to do or give anything that could be required of him.

'He had ways of his own to go, and was confident in his own resources. I can therefore well understand his wandering off alone without guide or companion on the dangerous road where he lost his life. It was what he might have been expected to do, and I must believe that those who knew him in later days must have found him often astray from the common ways in his choice of work, and his manner of doing that work. He was born for out-of-the-way scholarly pursuits and was early mature in classical learning, though I think he was not likely to continue long on a beaten track or to take trouble with what was commonplace or familiar.'

'He was ever a lover of books, and he took up with him to Oxford a library unusually large for an undergraduate, and it grew much larger before he left the University, and must have continued to grow till the end.'

'While at Oxford he translated and printed a translation of a play of Plautus, I think the *Captivi*, which was that year acted in Latin at the school.'

'After his Oxford course I rarely saw him, but from time to time he knew how to remind his old master that he was always held in affectionate memory, nor was this feeling unreciprocated, for he was one of those sincere natures of whom, when once understood, we never change our estimate, nor would we lightly forfeit their confidence and goodwill.'

His shortness of sight probably handicapped Proctor for most school games, but I imagine that the aloofness of which Mr. Dunn writes was due less to this than to the fact that the feeling of absolute comradeship with his mother had already

begun, and that this intellectual intimacy gave just the touch of difference from the ordinary schoolboy which tends to keep that irresponsible person at a little distance. Mother and son were already tasting the delights of walking tours together in England, France and Switzerland, and when Robert won a scholarship at Corpus (at that time by far the most distinguished of the smaller colleges at Oxford), Mrs. Proctor took lodgings in Walton Street. There for lunch, and again after the afternoon's walk or row, Robert came every day, while at the same time he enjoyed all the delights of living in college for his first three years, and could take his full share in College life. How completely he did this the following delightful reminiscences by his chief friend of those days, Mr. J. G. Milne of the Education Office, will sufficiently show. If there had been aloofness in his schooldays there was clearly none now, and though, as Mr. Milne records, he did not add to his literary leadership the honour of coxing the Corpus Eight (which the year before he went up had been head of the river), he won at least two 'pewters' as cox. in College 'fours.' Mr. Milne writes:

'Proctor and I went up to Oxford in the same year, and were both on the same staircase in the New Buildings at Corpus. But I have few recollections of him in the first year, apart from his library: and it was as a bookman that he was mainly known in the College. He very soon got a footing in the literary group of the period, which was a strong one; but he was not physically fitted to take a vigorous part in the sports. By his second year the men had discovered enough of his interests to realize that they

had in him an ideal candidate for the post of Junior Librarian; and he was elected accordingly by the College meeting to this office, which he held for the remainder of his undergraduate career. This was, in a way, an exceptional honour; for the tradition was that the Junior Librarianship should be held by a fourth-year man. The breach in the tradition, however, was a very fortunate one, as it resulted in the production of an excellent catalogue of the library. He had by this time become one of the members of a College society which accounted itself somewhat exclusive—the Pelican Essay Club: and shortly afterwards he, with one or two others—E. K. Chambers, I think, was his leading associate—formed a still more select society, known as the Owlets, which was composed in equal proportions of dons and undergraduates, and met to read English plays or selections from English literature on alternate weeks. I have now a list of the authors read in the first year of the Club's existence, which was sent me by Mrs. Proctor, who found it among his papers: and the evidence it gives of his taste in reading at this time may be interesting. His selections were from Tennyson (2), M. Arnold, Wm. Morris, Ruskin (5), Longfellow (2), Swinburne (2), Robt. Buchanan, Jas. Thomson (the younger), R. L. Stevenson (2), John Fletcher, and Froude.

'I said above that he was physically unfitted to take much part in sports: but that did not mean that he neglected or despised this side of College life. Few were keener than he on the college boat, or more regular in their attendance at the riverside when there was any cheering to be done. He was very anxious to undertake the thankless duties of cox., and it was only after several trials that he reluctantly acknowledged that his shortness of sight prevented him from steering the boat to his satisfaction.

'He was deeply interested in every kind of antiquarian research. Archaeology was at that time only beginning to find a place in the lecture-list at Oxford: and more than

once he and I—for we went to every available lecture in this subject—formed the whole of the audience for a term. One of his special lines of research was brasses, and he accumulated a large collection of rubbings. Partly with a view to antiquities he tramped the country for miles round Oxford. It was one of the Corpus customs at that time to turn out for a long tramp on Sunday, starting immediately after breakfast and returning in time for evening chapel—and we sought out all the nooks and corners of the neighbourhood on these occasions. Our favourite companion was H. D. Leigh, then Junior Tutor, who, like Proctor, has just been taken from us by death: he was an enthusiastic volunteer and student of military tactics, and taught us how to observe the lie of the country and explained the motives of the various campaigns which were fought round Oxford. He introduced us to the Kriegspiel Club, where we pursued these studies, and waged mimic warfare on many an evening. I remember the last night we had together there: we were both commanding on the same side, and had been set a problem drawn from the Wars of the Roses: we, as the Lancastrian force, instead of hurrying to London and meeting our doom at Barnet, fell upon the Yorkists at Northampton and crushed them.

'One great occupation of our leisure time lay in the College library. We got leave to make a search through the old books, of which Corpus possesses a good collection, and see what we could find in the bindings. The result appeared in several hundreds of fragments, both manuscript and printed, including not a few of considerable interest. Proctor arranged them all, and at times we talked of preparing a catalogue: but unfortunately other work intervened; and, so far as I know, the only record of our finds is in a few stray notices which we published from time to time on points that specially took our fancy.

'There was one side of his character which came out more strongly after he left Oxford—at any rate, it im-

pressed me more. I have referred to his choice of readings in the Owlets Club, which, as will be seen above, showed his partiality for Ruskin and William Morris; and he was, in many ways, a disciple of these two men, on the social and economic side as well as the artistic and aesthetic. He had a real and deep interest in their practical socialism, which is often called academic by the socialist of the street corner, who is unable to understand the altruistic desire of the intellectual man to elevate his fellows as contrasted with his own wish to drag everyone down to his own level. Proctor was constantly thinking out schemes for the improvement of life and its conditions; he was always ready to hear and inquire about the circumstances of the "East-Enders" amongst whom I work, and to suggest solutions for the problems arising there. The enthusiasm of humanity was the real ruling force of his character.'

Mr. Milne's narrative was much too interesting to be interrupted, but it has carried us rather far ahead, and we must retrace our steps to supplement it with some further notes kindly supplied by Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, the Fellow and Tutor by whom Proctor was prepared for Classical Moderations, in which he obtained an easy First. Mr. Sidgwick writes:

'When R. G. C. Proctor came into residence at Corpus in October, 1886, all that we knew of him was that he had done very good work in the Scholarship Examination some months before, and that he had been educated at Bath College, where his Headmaster, Mr. Dunn, had had a remarkable success in stimulating and developing the talents of his pupils. His work with me was from the first that of an unusually sound scholar: it was always regular, and most careful; and in particular was remarkably uniform in the high degree of excellence which it attained. His special talents always lay more in the love

of knowledge, and the persistent purpose and effort to make the best of the powers he possessed, than in the strictly literary aptitudes: and it was consequently all the more remarkable that he almost invariably reached a very high standard, not only in his mastery of the books which he read, but also in his classical composition, both prose and verse. I have an exact and complete record, as it happens, of all the work he did as my pupil, whether in the ordinary College course, or in the University examinations: and while there were others who surpassed him in natural literary gifts, Proctor was distinctly the best of his year in College, not only in the work he did for his tutors, but in the University examination of Honour Classical Moderations, in which he obtained a very good first class. He was also a most useful and energetic member of the College literary and discussion societies: and I have been present on more than one occasion when he showed a knowledge of subjects and books quite unusual in men of his age at the University. I have also been struck, as his friend and contemporary Mr. Milne has related, with the extent of the library which he had, even in his early days of residence at Oxford, collected in his rooms. And all his Oxford friends felt, when he was appointed to the post he held in the Museum, that his special talents had found their true scope. Though few may have anticipated the unique services which he rendered to learning in the special department which he studied, yet all agree in feeling that no success was ever more truly deserved, and in lamenting the deplorable fatality which cut short so valuable a life.'

For 'Greats' Proctor was prepared by Mr. H. D. Leigh, a distinguished scholar, whose premature death a little before that of his pupil prevents me from giving similar notes as to his work for that examination. This is a great loss, as part of the course of study for 'Greats' bears so directly on the

problems men have to face in after life that any information as to this stage of his development would have been peculiarly interesting. As a result of the examination Proctor was placed in the second class, but in at least one of his papers, that on his special subject, the 'topography of ancient Athens,' he greatly distinguished himself. The same unstinted liberality which had sent him up to Oxford with a library such as many dons might envy had provided the funds for a visit to Greece in which the topography of Athens was studied on the spot with all the eager enthusiasm subsequently transferred to far other themes, and the result was a paper on which the examiner was content to offer his respectful compliments. In the philosophical and historical part of the examination I can imagine that Proctor did not do so well. At least in after years whatever views he held on such subjects he expressed, if he expressed them at all, with considerable vehemence, and without much regard for the strong points of his opponent's case, and this mental attitude does not readily commend itself to examiners. Where some papers are strikingly good and others less so, the *viva voce* section of the Oxford examinations, ordinarily unimportant, becomes crucial, and an unfortunate mistake as to the day, which brought Proctor before the examiners fagged out by an all-night journey from the Lakes, may easily have cost him his First. If that would have brought him the very doubtful blessing of an Oxford Fellowship, he had no cause to regret the partial nature of his success. He had already in his College library found his true work, with which the rest of this paper will be oc-

cupied. Before passing to it, however, it must be noted that it is to this time, when he was just completing his University career, that the portrait belongs which forms the frontispiece to this memoir. This (with the leave of the original photographers, Messrs. Thorne of Oxford) has been enlarged by the skill of Mr. Emery Walker from a College group, in which, as President of the Owlets, Proctor was obliged to hold in his hand a small owl. The humorous look, with just a touch of defiance in it, is one which any of his more intimate friends must often have seen on his face, and makes the portrait delightfully characteristic, though his refusal, soon after this, to continue to be bothered with the trouble of shaving, gave him, in the eyes of casual observers, a very different appearance.

That two undergraduates should have had the freedom of the College library to the extent to which Proctor and his friend Mr. Milne enjoyed it at Corpus was doubtless in part due to the unusually happy relations between dons and undergraduates in that College, in part also to the zeal of the two workers. I gather that the responsible librarian was a little alarmed at the enthusiasm with which the fragments of printers' or binders' waste were extracted from the old bindings, and despite the extraordinarily interesting finds which have been made in book-covers there is much to be said on the librarian's side. Everything found at Corpus was carefully placed in boxes, and before Proctor left Oxford he had made for his college a complete list of its incunabula and also of its English books printed before the close of the sixteenth century.

It was apparently while Mr. Milne and Mr. Proctor were enjoying themselves at Corpus that the fame of their unusual pursuits reached the ears of Mr. Gordon Duff, who, the next time he passed through Oxford, asked them to dinner, and expounded bibliography to a doubtless devoutly impressed audience. To Proctor, who was anxious to take up some definite piece of bibliographical work, he suggested the press of John of Doesborgh, the Antwerp printer of several books for the English market, as a profitable subject for study, and the advice resulted in a paper in this magazine, and subsequently in the second of the illustrated monographs of the Bibliographical Society. It amuses the present writer now to remember that the paper for 'The Library' was sent to him by the editor for his opinion on it, and that he contributed a humble footnote to the first essay in bibliography of the man from whom afterwards he learnt so much.

When no more work remained to be done at Corpus Proctor naturally sought for fresh fields and found them at the Bodleian. As to this Mr. Nicholson, Bodley's Librarian, has kindly sent the following note:

'E. Gordon Duff had been doing for us a skeleton-catalogue of our incunabula, on slips, but had only got to the end of J when he left Oxford.'

'Early in 1891 the Rev. C. Plummer, who was a Bodleian curator, mentioned Proctor as a suitable man to continue it. He was a don of Proctor's college, and that was doubtless how he came to know of Proctor's special bent.'

' I thereon asked Proctor if he would care to do a little paid work of this sort for the library, and, finding his work so good, got him to undertake the completion of Duff's catalogue.

' The Duff-Proctor catalogue is of course arranged by counties, towns and presses, and is available for readers.

' Proctor also presented us with three volumes of notebooks containing the matter described on the enclosed slips.

' He was also engaged for us in compiling from our general catalogue of printed books a rough list of British prae-1641 items. This is on the reference-shelves.

' The first and last days on which he worked for us were February 23, 1891, and some day in September, 1893, before Michaelmas.'

During the thirty-one months which separate the two dates Mr. Nicholson mentions Proctor must have catalogued upwards of three thousand incunabula on the fairly elaborate system of which we give a specimen in a note,<sup>1</sup> and written nearly ten thousand titles (including some cross references) for English books printed before 1641. He also found time to

<sup>1</sup> C. 1500. Paris. Alexander (Alyate) de Mediolano.  
Aut. 6 Q. 6. 60.

Sulpitius (Jo.). De moribus puerorum c. commento.

fo. 1a: Carmen Inuenile de moribus mensē.|| ¶ Johannis Sulpitii Urulani viri discretissimi de moribus puerorū p̄cili pue in mensa feruandis. Carmen iuuenile paucis explanatum incipitur.

End fo. 6a, last line: apicem nostrum adiunctum finet. 6b: Apex Ascensianus de officio scholaſtici|| [Carmen: at end—] ¶ Finis|| (Alyate's mark. *Silvestre 1.*)

6 leaves. Sig. A<sup>6</sup>. 1 column. Lines in col. irregular. 2 types (G 2 sizes) with headlines. fo. 2a 162 × 98 mm. (size of printed page). 4°. 7·2 × 4·7".

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make lists, similar to those he had prepared for his own College, of the incunabula and earlier English books at New College, Brasenose, and All Souls' (incunabula only). At New College his explorations among bindings resulted in the discovery of some fragments on vellum of a previously unknown Caxton, the 'Donatus Melior' of Mancinellus. No doubt a little to his vexation at the time he did not identify these without the help of Mr. Hessels, a reminder that Rome is not built in a day, even when the builder has a special genius for his task. All these lists of incunabula were arranged in the chronological order of the countries, towns, presses and books, a plan the advantages of which were first shown by Henry Bradshaw, and of which he left specimens in his Lists of the Incunabula at the de Meyer, Culemann and Verzauwen sales. Proctor was thus already some way advanced towards the scheme of his great Index, while the contents of the three Note-Books, which, as mentioned by Mr. Nicholson, he presented to the Bodleian on finishing his work there, anticipate other of its features.

These three Note-Books are labelled as follows:

(1) *The Printers of the Fifteenth Century: being a chronological clue to the arrangement of the Bodleian Catalogue of Incunabula. Showing also what printers are therein represented, and the reverse. With an alphabetical index of the Towns. 1893. (MS. Eng. Misc. E. 14.)*

(2) *A Brief Conspectus of the numbers of Ludwig Hain's Repertorium Bibliographicum which are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. May, 1893. (R. 13. 58<sup>b</sup>. 2 vols.)*

(3) *A Conspectus of the numbers of the 'Annales Typo-*

graphiques' of Campbell which are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. June, 1893. (R. 13. 58<sup>b</sup>. Part of Vol. II.)

The 'chronological clue' of the first book answers of course to the lists of towns which come at the head of each country in the Index, and the lists of printers which come at the head of each town; while the second and third Note-Books practically cover the same ground as his second and third Tables.

During these years of work at Bodley, Mrs. Proctor and her son occupied a house at 10, St. Margaret's Road, Oxford. Their walking tours, which in Proctor's undergraduate days had taken them to Scotland, Belgium, and Norway, seem now to have been chiefly in the Eastern Alps.

Proctor entered the British Museum on October 16th, 1893, having obtained a nomination from Archbishop Benson, and competed successfully with the other nominees of the Principal Trustees. But though he entered thus in the ordinary way his reputation as a specialist had preceded him; and I remember asking Dr. Garnett rather dolefully as to whether he would absorb all the antiquarian work there was to do. As a matter of fact, though he escaped, I believe, the amusing drudgery of the copyright books, he took for some years his fair share of the general cataloguing; and recently, in helping to prepare for press the Supplement to the Catalogue, I have been struck by the very considerable number of titles written during the years 1894-1899, which are in his handwriting.

There was, however, no inclination at the Museum to allow his peculiar talents to remain unused.

Within quite a short time of his arrival it became the custom for the revisers of the General Catalogue, which had then reached the letter O, to bring him the old titles of fifteenth-century books to correct, and he was asked also himself to undertake the revision of any headings in which incunabula were especially numerous. It was on this ground that the very important heading 'Liturgeries,' one of those which had been postponed on account of their complexity, was entrusted to him, and this remains the most notable of the strictly official tasks which he carried through. Numerous as are the fifteenth-century service-books in the British Museum they yet, of course, form but a small proportion of the whole; and the real difficulty of reforming the heading lay in the need for a greatly improved nomenclature and arrangement. In providing this he was greatly helped by Mr. Henry Jenner, who was thoroughly conversant with the books from their ecclesiastical side, and Mr. Jenner's sympathy with his new colleague's special gifts made Proctor, who had no love as a rule for working in collaboration, take a pleasure in seeking his help. During his last years at the Museum he took some part in preparing the Subject-Index of books acquired between 1881 and 1900; but by this time he was encouraged to devote himself almost entirely to his own special subject, with the results which are already well known. After Henry Bradshaw's death several of his letters to the official heads of the Museum were brought together for preservation; and in one of these there is a sentence (I quote from memory), as to how in bibliographi-

DETROIT, MICH.

ROBERT PROCTOR.

17

cal matters librarians all over the country looked up to the British Museum as their natural head. Coming from Henry Bradshaw, who was by far the greatest bibliographer England then possessed, the phrase seemed almost ironical, but as regards the first seventy years of the history of printing Proctor, from 1898 to his death, brought about its literal accomplishment. He gave it, in fact, an even wider range, since his help was sought, almost daily, by students in every part of Europe and also in the United States.

In the last sentence we have been looking at Proctor's position after he had published his Index; in 1893, when he came to the British Museum, he had published nothing save his article in 'The Library' on John of Doesborgh, and had still to make his name. Almost simultaneously with his appointment I had been elected honorary secretary of the Bibliographical Society, and was making plans for publishing 'Bibliographica'; and of course I was anxious to secure so promising a recruit.. Proctor had held aloof from the Bibliographical Society in the first instance, but he now joined it in January, 1894, and was soon busily engaged in helping Mr. Redgrave to enlarge and improve the list of books printed by Erhard Ratdolt; a service for which, as for many others which he rendered the Society, he refused absolutely to allow any acknowledgment to be made. In June, 1894, the Council accepted his offer of a monograph on his old favourite, John of Doesborgh, and this appeared later in the year, with much more hard work put into it than the productions of that by no means distinguished printer were

really worth. He also contributed to the first number of 'Bibliographica' an article on the different forms of a woodcut of a master and pupils, bearing the inscription 'Accipies tanti doctoris dogmata sancta,' which appears in numerous books printed in Germany about the end of the fifteenth century. Our friendship by this time was fully established, and henceforth we worked so much together that I shall have some difficulty in keeping myself out of this memoir. The friendship was of a kind less uncommon, perhaps, than it may sound. On almost every subject on which it is possible to argue we held diametrically opposite views; but we had so many tastes and interests in common that we had never any time for controversy, but accepted each other quite happily, with a little occasional chaff, and only a very rare explosion when we had unguardedly strayed on a dangerous subject,—after which we went back to books. Thus to be admitted to Proctor's friendship was no light privilege. Not that he was at all chary of making friends, but that he brought to his friendships an affection, a generosity of estimate, a whole-heartedness, equally delightful and rare. The greatest pleasure you could give him was to allow him to take some burden off your shoulders on to his own, and whatever he undertook he always carried through with prompt decision.

The reputation which Proctor won by his 'Index' might have been in some degree anticipated by several years if he had been allowed to publish his notes of the Bodleian incunabula separately, as he had at first intended. The notes were all written

out and I had found a publisher for them, when it was intimated that the authorities at Bodley regarded these notes as inseparable from the work for which he had been paid, and the publication was dropped. The question was undoubtedly complicated by the fact that Mr. Duff, as well as Proctor, had worked at the Bodleian incunabula; but anyone who knew Proctor will know also that in matters of bibliography he would not have taken the results of an archangel upon trust, and the work he had put into this proposed Oxford Index made it really his own.

It was so much to the interest of the Bodleian to get a hand-list of its incunabula published for nothing, that if Proctor had paid the Curators the compliment of asking their permission it is very unlikely that any objection would have been raised. But anything in the nature of official authority (even when he had a real respect, or even affection, for the individual bearer of it) always disconcerted him, and he was apt to go his own way without the little 'by your leave,' for lack of which he had in this instance to turn back. Naturally he was somewhat downcast at the rebuff, especially as it made him fear similar trouble on the completion of the index to the incunabula at the British Museum, work for which had already begun. A more sophisticated friend suggested to him, however, that opposition would probably be disarmed if instead of providing each institution with a separate unofficial catalogue, he were to combine the two, thereby also producing his materials in a much more economical form. He was so delighted at the

suggestion that he exclaimed joyously, ‘It *would* get my name up if I could do that’; a pleasantly frank avowal of an ambition which went straight for the highest mark, while it cared little or nothing for minor successes.

The way in which Proctor set about the preparation of his Museum Index was eminently characteristic. His Bodleian notes applied mainly to the fifteenth century. For this period the titles of all the books in the Museum had for many years been carefully kept together. By using these titles he could have got straight to work. Instead of this he kept the period 1500-1520 steadily before him from the first, and made his own collection of titles by no less arduous a process than that of reading through the whole General Catalogue of the British Museum, of which hundreds of volumes at that time still remained in manuscript, while in the printed volumes he had to take account also of the accessions pasted on the other half of the page. Day after day, as soon as four o’clock came, he would go straight to the Catalogue-desk, and read one volume after another, until at last he had noted down on small cards the short titles, imprints and press-marks of all books attributed in the Catalogue to the period with which he was concerned. The cards were then sorted out according to countries, towns, and presses, with a large section of ‘adespota,’ and the work of comparison and description of types went steadily forward.

Proctor had been one of the earliest purchasers of the Kelmscott Press books, and in October, 1894, first at the Museum and afterwards at Kelmscott

House made the personal acquaintance of William Morris, who quickly appreciated his wide knowledge of the old books which they both loved. It was fortunate that by this time Morris (though keeping all his ideals) had found out that neither the Democratic Federation nor the Socialist League offered a royal road to progress, and was tired of 'bailing out' not always very reputable 'comrades.' Had Proctor known him in his militant period, he too would have taken his share in 'Bloody Sunday,' and for an official of the British Museum to have been had up for obstructing the police might have led to trouble. As it was, his admiration for Morris brought nothing but happiness into his life, which it increasingly influenced during these last ten years, leading him, as we shall see, to become an active committee member of the 'Anti-Scrape' (Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings), to take up the study of the Icelandic Sagas, and, finally, to start the Greek printing, of which the first fruits will appear within a few weeks of this memoir. For the present, however, he devoted himself solely to his incunabula, and in 1895 printed for private distribution two tracts on 'Early Printing,' followed by a third in 1897. In the first of these a 'List of the founts of type and woodcut devices used by the printers of the Southern Netherlands in the fifteenth century' (dedicated to Mr. Jenkinson) he did for the Belgian printers the same service as Bradshaw had rendered to the Dutch; the second, 'A Note on Eberhard Frommolt, of Basel, printer,' showed that Frommolt worked at Vienne and had relations with Johannes Solidi, while

the third provided a typographical index to the four supplements to Campbell's 'Annales de la Typographie Néerlandaise,' with descriptions of additional books not known to Campbell. In 1897 Proctor prepared for the Bibliographical Society at Dr. Garnett's suggestion, 'A Classified Index to the Serapeum,' and also gave yeoman's help with the bibliography attached to Dr. Haebler's monograph on 'The Early Printers of Spain and Portugal.' He was so interested, indeed, in Spanish printing that he wrote full descriptions of the hundred or more Spanish incunabula in the British Museum, subsequently making a present of his work to Dr. Haebler, who has utilized it in his 'Typographie Ibérique.' By 1898 he had at last, by the use of nearly all his leisure for more than four years, completed his great work, 'An Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum: from the invention of printing to the year MD, with notes of those in the Bodleian Library,' and this was published during 1898, in four parts, by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., in an edition of 350 copies. Of the merits of this Index there is no need to write at any length. I think it was Baer of Frankfurt who first gave the author the pleasure of seeing a 'Proctor number' quoted side by side with that of Hain, and by now the practice has become general in all important catalogues, and greatly facilitates the task of acquiring fresh incunabula for the British Museum. For a book of the kind, offering no attractions whatever either to the stockbroker or the dilettante, the sale was fairly rapid, about half the edition being disposed of by the end of the first

year, and the demand steadily continuing, though checked, as is often the case, by the belief that the book was already out of print. In the risk of the book Proctor had shared to the extent of £50, but this was never asked for, and after a little time he began to receive small annual cheques on account of royalties.

The appearance of the Index naturally stirred the Trustees of the British Museum to demand that their talented assistant should prepare for them a full-dress catalogue of their incunabula. From this he persistently shrank, having no great love, as he explained in his review of Dr. Voullième's book in our last volume, for bibliographical descriptions, which have really very little to do with the history of typography, wherein his own interests centred. He gladly, however, undertook, as a preliminary to the Catalogue, a rearrangement on the same historical lines as his Index, of all the Museum incunabula, with the exception of those in the Grenville and King's Libraries, which cannot be separated from the collections to which they belong. On this rearrangement he was engaged up to his last day at the Museum, the progress of the work being very slow owing to the need for devising an elaborate system of press-marks into which accessions could be intercalated, to the number of tract volumes which had to be broken up and their component parts rebound in order that each might occupy its own place, to the innumerable reference boards which had to be written to keep the books available for readers, and to the physical difficulties of dealing with so many volumes of different sizes,

some of them immensely unwieldy. The American doctrine that a thousand-dollar man ought never to waste his time on a hundred-dollar job was not one which appealed to Proctor. He liked to do everything himself, carrying about the heavy books, and steering them skilfully on Museum barrows, and making all the necessary changes in the shelving with his own hands. He calculated that about another year would see the work ended, and it is hoped that this reckoning may still prove accurate, though in this, as in everything else, those who are trying to carry out his plans, find themselves obliged to proceed hesitatingly and cautiously, where he knew exactly what he meant to do and how he meant to do it.

As soon as his fifteenth-century index was complete Proctor set to work on the continuation to 1520, of which the German section was published within a few weeks of his death. He allowed me, however, to tempt him now and again to take up other smaller subjects, and to one of these in which we worked together for ten weeks in a constant excitement, we both always looked back with special pleasure. It was known during the course of 1898 that Dr. Garnett's long career at the British Museum was drawing to a close, and I had talked lazily with Proctor of how pleasant it would be to present him with some record of the many fine books he had secured for the Museum during his Keepership. On January 11th, 1899, I heard that for domestic reasons Dr. Garnett intended to retire on the 20th of the following March. In the intervening sixty-eight days, without any printed circular, two hundred

subscribers were obtained, the 'Three Hundred Notable Books' were picked out from the annual reports, described and annotated, sixty illustrations were made, Dr. Garnett was guilefully led to consent to sit to Mr. Strang for the etched portrait which forms the frontispiece, the book was set up and printed, and a copy specially bound by Zaehnsdorf was taken into the Keeper's Room at 11 a.m. on March 20th, by two very triumphant Assistants. Of course, when we told them why we were in a hurry, printer, photographer, artist and binder all flew round, but without Proctor's powers of amazingly rapid and yet accurate work, though the other partner by a miracle had doubled or even trebled his own rate of progress, the result would never have been achieved.

The next by-path to which Proctor was led during this period grew out of the valuable little note on 'An Incunabulum of Brescia hitherto ascribed to Florence,' contributed by Mr. R. C. Christie to the Transactions of the Bibliographical Society for 1898. The acquaintance which this showed with Greek printing led the Society's Secretary to beg Mr. Christie to write a monograph on the subject, and when that delightful scholar, after playing a little with the idea, was obliged to decline it on the score of ill-health, the burden was transferred to Proctor's shoulders, and resulted in the admirable monograph on 'The Printing of Greek in the Fifteenth Century,' published in December, 1900.

At the beginning of this year Proctor had started, with a carefully restricted membership of fifty, his

Type Facsimile Society for publishing collotype reproductions of pages in rare books printed in unusual founts. Mr. Duff first, and afterwards Mr. Sydney Cockerell acted as Treasurer of the Society, but save for the collection of members' subscriptions and paying bills with the proceeds, the whole work of the Society was in Proctor's hands, and with the enthusiastic help of Mr. Hart of the Clarendon Press he gave his subscribers a wonderful return for the £50 a year which they placed at his disposal.

In May of this same year Proctor had begun to attend the weekly committees of the 'Anti-Scrape,' rendered the more joyous by subsequent suppers at Gatti's, the good company at which he thoroughly enjoyed. A little later, on the regretted death of Mr. F. S. Ellis, he was honoured by the request to take his place as one of the trustees under the will of Morris, and though with some qualms as to his business qualifications, gladly accepted. As a matter of fact I believe that his business qualifications in this capacity proved excellent, while his judgment and knowledge of book-production were called into requisition in seeing through the press new editions of Morris's works, more especially the Golden Type supplementary edition of the books not printed by Morris himself.

It was about this time that Proctor began studying in the original the Icelandic Sagas, many of which Morris had helped to translate. This new interest resulted shortly before his death in the publication through the Chiswick Press of a version of the famous 'Laxdæla-Saga,' which is still purchasable (10s. 6d.). His first rendering from the Icelandic,

however, was 'The Tale of the Weaponfirthers,' which he caused Constable of Edinburgh to print for him in March, 1902, and presented to his friend Mr. Jenkinson in a charming binding, as a wedding gift, after the Italian fashion. Rightly or wrongly, I think Proctor's translations from the Icelandic only partly successful, but the Latin preface and the English verses in his wedding volume are both so admirably turned that (the book itself being inaccessible to most readers) I have obtained leave to quote them here.

'F. J. sponsalia agenti salutem ac felicitatem optat summa R. P.

'Audire te uideor, uir amicissime, libellulo tibi ante oculos posito, qui dicens: Quid mihi cum hoc? hoc nuptiarum quid interest, rei omnium suauissimae tenerrimaeque quid gesta boreali ex orbis terrarum regione quadam rapta, mortis plena, horrida dolore, ferorum adpetitus hominum enarrantia? ego uero quid respondeam ipse plane nescio; namque historia (ut fatear) nullo modo *ὑμένως* ni forte sit *ἱππούων*: haec mihi tantum subit consolatio; nempe cum sit omnium humanissima res matrimonium, humani nihil a se alienum putare debeat; uitiae uero hic uim adesse, immo circumfluere quis est qui neget? talis ergo defensionis prima acies. secundo contendam non sine utilitate fieri ut optima quaeque per contraria sua illustrentur. tertio denique considerandum aliquid me multo durius adferre potuisse. an iucundius foret exempla quaevis artis libros elixe describendi impressos, quemadmodum Iacobus ille regius libris manu scriptis sese inuoluit profiteri? uel malles modo decertationem de systemate signaturae mentelinano, modo inuectiuam more gallico floribus uituperationis selectis ornatam in Appium Claudinum nostrum, qui bibliopola libros amat atque fouet, senex ingentia conflat uolumina? haud equidem credo: haec igitur tanquam

de horreo meo exiguo spicula pusilla licet et inuenusta  
depropensi: quae tibi ut maiorem quam mihi praebeant  
uoluptatem identidem opto atque deprecor. sed haec hac-  
tenus; tu uero ut cum coniuge tua iure amantissima bene  
ualeas cura.

‘Dabam Londini ipso die Valentini, episcopi et martyris,  
anno minoris computationis secundo.’

The sportive bibliographical allusions will probably puzzle many readers (to explain them in notes would spoil the jokes), but it is not many men who a dozen years after they had taken their degree could put so much humour and grace into a Latin letter, and yet, as far as I can remember, Proctor had had nothing to keep his Latin prose from rusting. His English verse strikes me as equally happy, the allusion in the opening couplet being to certain natural history pursuits, with which Mr. Jenkinson diversifies his classics and bibliography :

‘ Friend, whose acute yet unobtrusive eye  
Rejoices to detect the two-winged fly,  
And swift to pierce the book’s disguises through  
Ne’er fails to mark each blind elusive clue;  
Can I be laggard, now that April’s green,  
In paying tribute to the Meadow’s Queen,  
Should it but lie unheeded at her feet.

‘ Jesting and grave words, bitter lines or sweet  
Endlessly life engrosses page by page;  
Nor might yon arctic island’s bygone age  
Know less than we the secret solacement,  
Ill hap to soften and increase content:  
No fainter gleam the colours wrought of old,  
Spike-Helgi’s pride, the lust of power and gold,  
Or Halli’s wailful glory o’er his dead  
New-fallen when kin met kin by Eyyvindstead.

' May we not hear it beat, the pulse of life,  
As Bjarni still, through stratagem and strife,  
Renounces victory gained by aught but love?  
Great-hearted deeds that generous spirits move  
Attuned to catch them through the mist of years;  
Rough simple lives, so lightly lost and won;  
Eld's dream-wrought visions boding clash of spears;  
The long drear winter empty of the sun;

' Such fill the tale; its blended hopes and fears  
Tread on the skirts of sorrow; then again  
Eager springs pleasure from the cease of pain:  
Wherefore to-day, that shall your joy fulfil,  
Accept no less, in token of goodwill—  
Rude though it be for fancy's following—  
This hardy floweret of the northern spring.'

Proctor took no pleasure in writing English prose; it was a trouble to him, and he could not always make his points in it quite clearly. But I think these stanzas show that he possessed in no slight degree the power of using verse to express thoughts and feelings a little warmer and deeper than plain prose will easily bear. It is a very enviable gift, more especially when joined, as in his case, with a complete absence of any desire to be reckoned a candidate for even the smallest poetic honours.

These two Icelandic translations, as has already been noted, undoubtedly grew out of the admiration for the work of William Morris which was so powerful a factor in Proctor's later activities. To the same cause, with the added impulse derived from his own studies in the history of Greek printing, must be attributed the endeavour to improve Greek types which led him in the last year of his

life to adapt an early sixteenth-century Spanish fount to modern use. Though he fixed on it quite independently, the fount he chose was an old favourite of my own, on which, some time before I knew him, I had written an article in the *Century Guild Hobby Horse*, which had had something to do with Mr. Selwyn Image's earlier essay in Greek type making. Though first used, by way of trial, in a thin quarto, the original type was designed for the New Testament in the *Complutensian Polyglot*, and I have always believed that it was based on the handwriting of the ancient manuscript which, as mentioned in the preface, the Pope sent to Cardinal Ximenes to help him in the preparation of his text. As the manuscript itself (so it is said) was utilized in the eighteenth century for making rockets, this conjecture can never be verified, but the type undoubtedly goes back to the fine Greek writing of the tenth century, just as the best Roman types go back to the Carolingian minuscules as revived during the Italian renaissance. It is thus strongly distinguished from the unhappy cursive types popularized by Aldus, and possesses all the qualities of a book-hand in which those are so markedly lacking. Unfortunately in the type he designed for Messrs. Macmillan, Mr. Selwyn Image had introduced modifications and compromises which completely altered its character. Proctor, on the other hand, accepted it in its entirety, but as in its original form it possessed no upper-case letters, he was obliged to design these himself. In this he was, on the whole, remarkably successful, and certainly deserved to be so, as he spared himself no

trouble in the matter. He was equally zealous in facing the great difficulty of all Greek printing, the connection of accents and breathings with the letters to which they belong, and here also he succeeded very well. After much deliberation he asked his friend Mr. Jacobi, of the Chiswick Press, to be his printer, and on May 12th, 1903, a four-page fly-sheet, containing his device (an otter), an Athenian 'psephisma,' and a sportive colophon, was printed as a specimen of his majuscules. Among the papers on his table at the Museum which awaited his return were clean sheets of the greater part of the 'Agamemnon' of Aeschylus, with proofs for the beginning of the Choephoroi. These, with the Eumenides, all three in a text which he himself had revised, were to form the first book printed with his type. When all hope of his safety had to be given up, the supervision of the proofs was very kindly undertaken by Dr. F. G. Kenyon, and the book is now almost ready for issue. It is hoped that it may be followed by Homer's Odyssey and the Idylls of Theocritus, of both of which Proctor had made ready a text. His own intention was to accompany these with a Greek romance, a liturgical book, and a selection of modern Greek ballads and lyrics. But he had made less progress in the preparation of these, and the difficulty of finding editors, and perhaps also readers, for them, will probably prove insuperable.

When Mrs. Proctor and her son left Oxford, they rented a house for some years in Pelham Road, Wimbledon, moving thence in 1898 to Oxshott, some twelve miles further out, where they had built themselves a house. By subsequent purchases nearly

two acres of land were added to this, and the planting the little domain with trees, and otherwise cultivating it, proved a great source of pleasure, while Proctor's cleverness with his fingers found an outlet in making hangings for the house and doing other bits of carpentry and upholstery. Though Mrs. Proctor was now over seventy, the walking tours still continued, till in 1902 an unusually successful one decided them not to risk spoiling the memory of their long series of holidays by attempting another in the exact form. In the early summer of 1903 the two went together to Corsica and Florence. For the later walking tour in Tirol, Proctor started by himself on the evening of August 29th. I was in France at the time, and as usual had laid on him the burden of my whole correspondence, and just before leaving England he wrote me a long letter giving an account of his stewardship, and confessing to feeling a little tired. As soon as he reached Tirol, where they had previously walked together, he began writing daily to his mother, telling how he was getting on in their old haunts. On September 5th he posted from St. Leonhard in the Pitzthal a delightful tourist letter, with a touch of sadness in it because he had no longer his wonted companion, but otherwise buoyant and happy. He had sent on his bag to Steinach by rail, would sleep that night at the Taschach-hut, eight thousand feet up, and start walking from there. As he would be out of the reach of the post, he should not be able to write again for some days. His whole trip was planned to last only just three weeks, and he was due back at the British Museum

on September 22nd. He did not arrive that day, and I thought that he had prolonged his leave. On the 23rd I heard from Mrs. Proctor, saying that no letter had arrived from him since that of September 5th. Two days later his colleague, Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, the best possible man for the task, started to search for him in the Taschach district, where at request of the Foreign Office the Austrian police had already ordered inquiries to be made. Mr. Streatfeild traced him to the Taschach-hut and found his name written there in the visitors' book. He had talked to the custodian about the further hut to which he was walking, but this second hut he never reached, nor could the most diligent inquiry hold out any hope of his having made his way to any other place instead.

Such are the bare facts, nor is there need for much commentary on them. Proctor's habit of moving on to a fresh place every day prevented him from being missed during the few hours when search might have been profitable. Long ere there was justification (in view of his warning that he should not be writing again for some days) for the slightest anxiety on the part of his friends in England, the weather had broken, snow had fallen, and all search had become impossible.

In starting by himself from the Taschach-hut Proctor broke the primary rule of Alpine climbing, that no snow glacier should ever be attempted save in parties of three, but we may not praise and blame a man for the self-same qualities, and the absolute disregard of difficulties and craving to meet them unaided in his own way which brought him to his

death at thirty-five on the Taschach, were precisely the same features in his character which had made him face undaunted the task of describing every fount of type used in Europe up to 1520, and read through the catalogue of the British Museum as a preliminary. Nor for him, though deeply for themselves, need those who loved him lament. His eager, untiring energies could not long have survived the rate at which they were burning away, and he himself had calmly faced the certainty that he could only hope for a few more years of effective eyesight. If the snow-mountains are rapacious of the victims whom their charm allures, they are also merciful, and the crevasses which kill so quickly and so painlessly offer almost the only grave on which the imagination can dwell without horror. Like Browning's Grammarian Proctor had spent his life in the investigation of *minutiae* for which the world cares nothing, certain that he was right in doing it, and that it was worth doing. To those who were in sympathy with him it is a real alleviation of their grief to know that he, too, found his last resting-place among the mountains.

In another article I hope to quote some of the appreciations of Proctor's work by M. Delisle and other foreign scholars, also to consider, as practically as may be, the possibility of completing the second section of his great Index. But here, for the present, I must stop.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

## RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.



DURING the past three months a very large number of new French and German books have come under my notice. Some of them possess an interest of their own, others are useful aids to knowledge. But unwilling as I am to confess it, few, if any, of them show signs of genius, or give promise of future eminence in their authors. Industry and finished workmanship meet us at every turn, and in both France and Germany the taste for study of the past in history, in art, in pure literature produces much valuable work in preparing material for future historians and critics, and in making rich mines accessible in which future poets and novelists and dramatists will rejoice to dig. Yet to a lover of true literature the prospect is depressing: these things are no substitute for imagination and inspiration.

Certain books dealing with art and artists deserve high commendation. 'Die Attischen Grabreliefs,' published under the auspices of the Vienna Imperial Academy of Sciences, of which the twelfth part has just appeared, is a notable production. The plates are most beautiful; indeed it is impossible to imagine anything better of the kind. The examples illustrated are taken from collections all over the world, and are accompanied by a full and informing descriptive letterpress. Berthold Daun's 'Veit Stoss

### 36 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

und seine Schule in Deutschland, Polen, und Ungarn' is a welcome addition to our scanty knowledge of the sculptor of Nuremberg, the Donatello of German Art, as he is sometimes called. The book is chiefly a critical catalogue of Stoss's works with just the biographical details needed for the proper appreciation and comprehension of them. A monograph by the same author, dealing more exclusively with the sculptor's life is promised shortly. Visitors to Nuremberg and Cracow will remember Stoss's exquisite work. In 'Fra Bartolommeo della Porta und die Schule von San Marco' Fritz Knapp has produced an interesting volume about a painter who has so far had scant attention from writers on art, Leader Scott's monograph being the only English book on the great painter of San Marco. Knapp, whose book contains numerous and excellent illustrations, emphasizes the importance of Bartolommeo's artistic development for the Renaissance period in Florence, and thus the work is a considerable acquisition for students of the art of that particular era. It is to be regretted that, like so many German books dealing with art, it lacks a convenient table of contents. Books about Francesco de Goya, Spain's greatest modern painter, have mostly been more fiction than fact. Valerian von Loga, in a beautifully illustrated volume, succeeds in putting before us the actual facts of a very romantic career. In the critical portion of the work he shows the far-reaching influence that Goya has had on the development of modern art. The illustrations are placed at the end of the book and are prefaced by what is evidently an exhaustive catalogue of the

painter's works. Goya seems to be becoming more studied by students and amateurs of art. In a certain short period during last spring his etchings were asked for in the print room of the Berlin Museum twenty-one times. He came fourth, after Dürer, Klinger and Rembrandt. The eighth volume of the '*Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*' deals with the sculpture of archaic Greece. Georges Perrot is the author. With its 14 plates and 352 engravings, it is an exhaustive account of the principles and general character of archaic Greek sculpture. The conditions of its development are carefully traced, so that we clearly see how the way was being gradually prepared for the great period of Athenian art, and how large a part the political and social history of the people played in it. As we read we are struck by the resemblance to the period of our own history and literature—we had no art—leading up to the Elizabethan age. A book that is in a way allied with art, and that makes delightful reading, is '*Les Membres de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts depuis la fondation d'Institut*', by Albert Soubies. This volume (others are to follow) goes from 1795 to 1816, and the idea is to relate briefly the history of the eminent men who as artists have made or are making part of the Institute—painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musicians are all there. No critical judgement is attempted.

A debt of gratitude is due to Hermann Büttner for his translation into modern German of Eckehart's '*Schriften und Predigten*'. The first of the three volumes of which the work will consist is now ready. Eckehart's works are very rare, and this is

### 38 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

the first attempt to give them in modern German dress. Büttner's introduction is full and interesting, and embodies all that is known about the great mystic preacher of fourteenth-century Germany. Eckehart holds a place in German thought similar to that of Dante in Italian thought; like Dante, Eckehart's works are the documents of a religion that was soon to be shorn of its power, and, like him, he helped to create German prose. The 'Savigny-Stiftung für Rechtsgeschichte,' the great law society of Germany, has, with the assistance of the Munich Academy of Sciences, issued the first volume of 'Die Gesetze der Angelsachsen. Text und Uebersetzung.' The editor, Liebermann, is perhaps the greatest authority in Europe on the subject. This volume contains the laws of the kings of Kent from Alfred to Edward the Confessor. The thoroughness with which the work has been done is worthy of all admiration. The manuscripts were scattered through forty libraries in twenty-four towns, and all were seen and examined by the editor except two at Durham and York respectively. He expresses deep obligation to the many English scholars who rendered help, and especially to the late Bishop Stubbs. Another work involving research of a toilsome kind is the 'Histoire des Comtes de Poitou, 778-1204,' by Alfred Richard, who in the preface sets forth some of his difficulties in dealing with the material. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, for instance, to put a date to a letter, narrative, or charter was an exception, and as the Counts of Poitou were also Dukes of Aquitaine and of Gascony, and at one period Counts of Toulouse, and as a

Countess of Poitou became Queen of France and then Queen of England, to fill up the *lacunae* and make the narrative clear and consistent is no easy matter. So far only one volume (778-1126) is published, but it shows great thoroughness on the part of the compiler, and the work, when completed, will supply valuable aid to the historian. After an interval of twenty-five years, the Société de Bibliophiles François has issued two series of 'Mélanges,' beautifully printed as such things should be. They contain letters, memoirs and narratives carefully annotated by bibliophiles. Among the authors are Louis XIV. and the Duc d'Orleans, Louis XIII., Talleyrand, Royer-Collard and Florian. Students of old French will welcome a most complete critical text of 'Aliscans' by Erich Wienbeck, Wilhelm Hartnacke and Paul Rasch, and also Ernest Langlois's table of proper names contained in the printed copies of the 'Chansons de Geste,' undertaken at the suggestion of the late Gaston Paris.

Books about Shakespeare are never to seek in Germany. In Part XXIX. of the 'Münchener Beiträge zur Romanischen und Englischen Philologie' entitled 'Das Verhältnis Thomas Middleton's zu Shakspere,' Dr. Hugo Jung argues that though Middleton was greatly indebted to Shakespeare, Shakespeare owed nothing to Middleton. Rudolph Genée in 'A. W. Schlegel und Shakespeare. Ein Beitrag zur Würdigung der Schlegelschen Uebersetzungen,' gives a most interesting account of what has become the classical German translation of our great dramatist. Max J. Wolff issues a translation of Shakespeare's Sonnets which renders more or

## 40 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

less adequately the thought contained in them, but scarcely preserves their poetical essence, their beauty of form, or their charm of expression. Works like 'Shakespeare's Sonette und ihr Wert,' by Theodor Eichhoff, cannot be recommended. Indeed, they deserve that a strong protest should be made against them, especially as the series of which this volume forms a part proudly claims to further the scientific criticism of Shakespeare. A division of the sonnets into four classes entitled respectively, 'Immoral,' 'Absurd,' 'Trivial,' and 'Editorial,'—sixteen sonnets being printed apart as 'Precious Stones,' and not included in the general classification—does not strike us as either scientific or aesthetic criticism, and it is to be hoped that such methods will not find favour among the younger school of German Shakespearean commentators. Similarly, a life of Shakespeare by Robert Hessen is a mere piece of bookmaking, and is obviously based, though without any sort of acknowledgment, on a well-known English life of the dramatist of which there is an excellent German translation. In Parts XXIX. and XXXIV. of the excellent 'Palaestra' series will be found studies of English literature of great value. The first is an elaborate account of our Elizabethan song-books, with the text of all those accessible from 1520 to 1600. Two contemporary German translations of Morley's songs made in 1609 and 1624 are also printed. Nothing so complete in the way of editing, and containing so much useful information and comment exists in any one English book. The second deals with the Earl of Surrey's translation of Virgil and his importance in the history of

## RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE. 41

English literature. Dr. Lohff does much the same for Chapman in his 'George Chapman's *Ilias-Uebersetzung*', a volume which seems to contain all a student needs to know about Chapman and his importance as a translator. Dr. Cecil Brodmeier's 'Die Shakespeare-Bühne nach den alten Bühnenanweisungen' is a technical study of the mechanism of the Elizabethan stage, of its furniture and accessories illustrated by references to the stage directions and the words of the characters in the plays of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists.

A philosopher, who avows himself an optimist, is an unusual spectacle. But Dr. Ludwig Stein, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Berne, has published a book entitled 'Der Sinn des Daseins. Streifzüge eines Optimisten durch die Philosophie der Gegenwart.' Therein he argues that as the world and life are always showing new sides, and as philosophical systems are nothing more than soul-photographs, illustrations of the personality of their originators, there can be no definitive philosophy, and Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza and Kant have not said all there is to say on the subject. The book contains twenty essays, grouped in four divisions, 'The meaning of the world' (metaphysics); 'The meaning of knowledge' (theory of knowledge); 'The meaning of individual life' (ethics); and 'The meaning of social life' (sociology). It is the author's desire to present to young people a work which, instead of teaching the pessimism that is so crippling, shall incite to cheery action and hopeful energy. The keynote to the whole is that there can be no culture without ideals, that the

## 42 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

man who lacks enthusiasms, and regards ideals and illusions as dreams and folly is a cripple in soul and a sick man in feeling, and has already entered the grave. After eleven years a new edition (the third) of Wundt's 'Ethik' is appearing. The philosopher has thoroughly revised the whole, rewritten parts of it, and added somewhat to the section dealing with the development of the ethical view of the world. Thus it is indispensable, and will diminish the value and usefulness of the earlier editions. Such are the penalties and difficulties in keeping the science section of a library up to date. Theodor Lipp offers in his 'Grundlegung der Ästhetik' an extremely full treatise on general aesthetics. The work is to consist of two volumes, of which the first is now issued. Aesthetics represent here the psychology of the beautiful and of art, and the author treats of what he calls the aesthetics of form, space, rhythm, colour, tone and word. The second volume will deal especially with the aesthetic consideration of works of art. Dr. Wernick's 'Zur Psychologie des aesthetischen Genusses' is an attempt to find a basis for the science of aesthetics, to demonstrate how the aesthetic impression is created, and how it comes into being in accordance with the laws ruling the soul of man. It is very interesting, and not unhelpful to students of psychology.

The poems of Edward Mörike have gradually been increasing in favour, a fate they well deserve, and now his biographer, Karl Fischer, in collaboration with Rudolf Krauss, is issuing a selection from Mörike's letters, in two volumes. The first volume just published, contains letters to his family, his

*fiancée*, and the friends of his youth, written between 1816 and 1840, and give a vivid picture of the poet's development, of his manner of thinking, of his outlook on the world and on art. They show the man in a most lovable aspect, and help to enhance the charm of his poetic achievement.

Of books dealing with literary criticism we select three, two French and one German, as perhaps most representative of recent works of the kind. They are: 'Le mouvement poétique français de 1867 à 1900,' by Catulle Mendès; the seventh series of Brunetière's 'Études critiques sur l'histoire de la littérature française'; and Berthold Litzmann's 'Goethes Lyrik. Erläuterungen nach künstlerischen Gesichtspunkten. Ein Versuch.' Catulle Mendès, best known as a writer of immensely clever stories and poems, faultless in style, but guiltless of morals, was asked by the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts to sketch the history of French poetry from 1867, in which year Théophile Gautier had presented a 'rapport' to the government. Mendès commences with reflections on the poetic spirit as evinced in France from a comparatively early period, and comments on it at particular moments of its development. He concludes by asking if since the magnificent romantic geniuses, since the glorious 'Parnassiens,' there has arisen a poet, 'très haut, très vaste, très puissant, dominateur des esprits et des cœurs et digne de l'universel triomphe?' 'Non, hélas,' is the answer. There are undoubtedly an extraordinary number of 'rêveurs singuliers, de penseurs originaux, d'âmes émues, d'artistes exquis ou violents,' but there is no

#### 44 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

master. In drama, however, in the true romantic drama, as Victor Hugo understood it, ‘où palpitan toutes les passions, où pleurent toutes les douleurs et rient toutes les joies, où planent tous les rêves,’ there is the light of dawn in the beautiful work of Edmond Rostand, who has charmed and subdued France, ‘par le romantisme théâtral, délicieux, joyeux, déchirant, tendre, éblouissant, tout-puissant. . . . L’Ode et L’Épopée, le XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle, commencé en un poète tel que Victor Hugo, s’achevât par un poète tel qu’Edmond Rostand.’ The so-called ‘rapport’ fills half the volume, the rest, 328 large octavo pages, consists of a bibliographical and critical dictionary of the greater number of French nineteenth-century poets.

Brunetière’s essays cover a wide period—from Ronsard to the end of the nineteenth century. His criticism is as ever, illuminating and suggestive. We do not always agree with him, but we always want to know what he thinks. In ‘La bibliothèque de Bossuet’ he comments on a catalogue of the library of ‘Messieurs Bossuet, anciens évêques de Meaux et de Troyes,’ which was sold at Paris, December 3rd, 1742. It consisted of between five and six thousand volumes. The great Bossuet’s nephew, ‘le petit neveu d’un grand homme,’ did not probably add much to his uncle’s library; the booksellers may, of course, have put in lots of their own, but substantially the list may be taken to represent the working library of the great preacher. From its contents Brunetière draws certain conclusions as to Bossuet’s tastes and method of working. ‘Une bibliothèque est “un état d’esprit ou une forme

## RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE. 45

d'intelligence." Les livres que nous possérons, et la manière dont ils sont classés, sont révélateurs, non seulement de nos goûts, mais de notre profession, et de la manière dont nous la pratiquons.' If this is so, in Bossuet, the great orator, there existed also a veritable historian, a stern critic, a patient man of research, an accurate scholar. Of the other essays the most important, and certainly the most generally interesting, is that on 'La Littérature Européenne au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle.' In it Brunetière pays the highest possible tribute to the part played by English influence in the formation of the European spirit of our own time. He declares that individualism in literature originated in England ; that the emancipation of the *ego* of the writer was first consummated there; that literature was there first joined to a life of action, and that there did the man of letters first become a personage in the state. Out of this individualism arose naturalism and the desire of dramatists, poets, and novelists to produce by their works some ethical improvement in the social life around them. Drama and oratory he finds to be the two literary forms that have not flourished in the century. Newman is, he considers, the only orator who can be read with pleasure. Lyric poetry, history, criticism, have, on the other hand, flourished exceedingly ; and beyond all, of course, the novel of manners—the realistic novel. The novel, no longer satisfied to be the history 'qui aurait pu être,' with Balzac, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Zola, Daudet, Maupassant in France; with Thackeray, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot in England; with Gogol, Turgénieff, Dos-

## 46 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

toïevsky and Tolstoy in Russia, is actual history. Closely allied with the naturalistic novel is the psychological novel, in which it is the motives of the acts rather than the acts themselves that are important. In conclusion, he finds that literature is no longer a 'divertissement' but a serious and responsible occupation, to which those who follow it must bring all knowledge, all experience. As time progresses imagination and inspiration will play a less prominent part in the production of literature than exact information on social conditions and problems. Possibly social modifications and changes are working in this way on our poets and novelists and dramatists; but some of us, quite foolishly, perhaps, continue to hope that if the world is not to see another Shakespeare, it may see again a Tennyson or a Thackeray. But all who take interest in such speculations (and what lover of literature does not?) should not fail to read Brunetière's clever 'aperçu.'

In 'Goethes Lyrik,' Berthold Litzmann, Professor of the History of German Literature at Bonn, attempts to elucidate and explain Goethe's 'lyrical' poems so as to increase the readers' artistic enjoyment of them. And so far as this can be done by any intermediary between a poet and his reader, Professor Litzmann entirely succeeds. We could not have a more competent or more inspiring guide. Yet, with it all, people cannot be argued into a love of poetry: some, who through dullness or laziness, fail to perceive its charm and beauty may be led by such means to find that after all there is something to be said in its favour; but the true

## RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE. 47

lovers of poetry will always remain those who perceive its charm and beauty from within themselves. The general criticism of Goethe as the born lyrist, just as Schiller was the born dramatist, dispersed through the volume is most valuable. Goodness transfigured in beauty was Goethe's life secret and life wisdom. Therein lies the strength, the perennial youth that breathes from every line of his verse. His philosophy of life is embodied in his 'Faust'; but its leading idea, the intermingling everywhere of goodness and beauty, exists in all his short lyrics.

Hermann Oldenberg, the greatest authority in Germany on Buddhism, has reprinted, as 'Die Literatur des alten Indien,' four articles that appeared in the 'Deutsche Rundschau,' 1899-1903. They deal with the poetry of the Veda, the literature of Buddhism, the two epics and the laws of Manu, and literary poetry (as opposed to popular poetry). While the book bears the impress of perfect scholarship, it appeals at the same time to the general reader as well as to the student.

One of the books that gave me most pleasure, among the many I have lately been reading, is Professor Harnack's 'Reden und Aufsätze.' In two well-got-up volumes he reprints some of the speeches and essays, delivered or published by him during the last twenty years. Harnack is a clear thinker, and therefore possesses naturally a delightful style. Although he is thus enabled to make the most abstruse theological subjects fascinating, many who are not perhaps specially drawn to theology will welcome the greater breadth of subject to be found here. He writes or discourses,

## 48 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

among other things, of Socrates and the ancient church, of Augustine's 'Confessions,' of monasticism, of Luther, of the importance of the modern striving after culture for ethics and sociology. I was most interested in the really beautiful lecture on Augustine's 'Confessions.' I had not before thought of Augustine as the first individualist, as the first man who had the courage to take the world into his confidence with regard to the state of his soul, and to do it with a success so complete as to win sympathy everywhere.

There is nothing of striking interest to record in history or memoirs. The second volume of Gabriel Hanotaux's 'Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu' is now available, and deals with the years 1617-24. So many general questions present themselves that the book is more a philosophic history of a whole era than the life history of an individual. A biography of Jules Ferry by Alfred Rambaud is fairly interesting. The second volume of Bielschowsky's 'Life and Works of Goethe' completes what is perhaps the best book on the subject that has yet seen the light, and one that should be speedily turned into English. A first attempt at an exhaustive biography of the greatest German chemist of the nineteenth century, Justus von Liebig, forms a pleasantly written volume by Dr. Adolph Kohut. Marquart's 'Osteuropäische und ostasiatische Streifzüge,' studies for the history of the ninth and tenth centuries, issued under the auspices of the Berlin Royal Academy of Sciences, describes an important period in the world's history, while Dr. Emil Löbl in 'Kultus und Presse,' attempts a systematical and critical

## RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE. 49

description of the conditions of the modern newspaper, and also to determine the place of the press in the civilized life of the present day. Dr. Löbl has produced a very readable volume, and concludes with the opinion that the press, like every other department of human activity, is ruled by motives both noble and ignoble. 'The Campaign of the Emperor Napoleon in Spain, 1808-9,' by Commandant Balagny, published under the direction of the historical section of the *Etat-Major de l'Armée*, is an important contribution to Napoleonic history, and aims at putting documents and facts in such a way as to enable the reader to form his own judgement. It is interesting to note that it contains the first French translation of the correspondence of Sir John Moore, published by his son in 1809. The latest addition to von Below's and Meinecke's excellent series of text-books of mediæval and modern history is 'Geschichte des Späteren Mittelalters von 1197 bis 1492,' by Dr. Johann Joserth, professor at Graz. Despite great fullness it is admirably arranged, and takes in all the countries of Europe, England included. Librarians may be glad to know that after an interval of eight years another volume of the 'Briefe und Akten zur Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Krieges in den Zeiten des vorwaltenden Einflusses der Wittelsbacher,' has just appeared. The last, the sixth, went up to 1608. This one is the ninth, and goes from January, 1611, to October, 1612. Volumes seven and eight, with the documents for the intervening period, will follow shortly. Future historians of the Thirty Years' War will find this work indispensable, as will those

## 50 RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

of the Seven Years' War, the hitherto unpublished correspondence of the Duc de Broglie, and Prince Xavier de Saxe, 1759-61, contained in the archives of the department of Aube. The first volume is now issued.

In fiction and drama nothing has appeared that heralds the approach of a new genius. Bourget's '*L'Eau Profonde*' is another tragedy of the drawing-room, of which he has lately given us so many, and René Bazin in '*Récits de la Plaine et de la Montagne*', writes, as always, delightfully of the French peasantry he knows so well, and gives also some charming pictures of travel in the Rhône district and in Holland, but does not approach the two books which best reveal his peculiar genius, '*Les Oberlé*', and '*La Terre qui Meurt*'. Germany has produced no novel that calls for special notice, except, perhaps, the excellent study of manners to be found in Ottomar Enking's '*Familie P. C. Behm*', but a big crop of new plays, of varying merit and interest, from the pens of her best-known dramatists, offers a wide field for criticism. We cannot here do more than indicate the central idea of the more important. Sudermann in '*Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates*', a comedy, seemingly mocks at the old ideals of liberty and government that still prevail among the supporters of the revolution of '48 in Germany, and their disciples. But whatever he may mean, and a certain vagueness of presentment makes it impossible for the spectator to determine whether the dramatist intends him to laugh or weep, it succeeds neither as a political demonstration, nor as a stage play, nor as a piece of literature. Hauptmann

## RECENT FOREIGN LITERATURE. 51

in 'Rose Bernd,' brings forward another Silesian village tragedy, this time of child murder; but in interest and workmanship it falls below his 'Fuhrmann Henschel' of 1898. Fulda has again, and deservedly, scored a great success with his verse comedy, 'Novella d'Andrea,' an Italian story of the fourteenth century, the action taking place at Bologna, and centring round a lady professor at the University there, who fails to find in learning and fame a substitute for 'the crown of happy love.' Max Halbe in 'Der Strom' has produced a drama of passion worthy to stand beside his 'Jugend' which will ever rank as one of the finest of modern German plays in its particular *genre*. The passions of nature, the destructive action of winds and waves form the background to the human passions of love, hate, greed and fraud that sway the actors in the drama.

Here we must bring our survey to a close. If in its course we have met nothing that will give its author a foremost place in the Temple of Fame, let us remember that a wise man once declared: 'nullum esse librum tam malum ut non in aliqua parte prodesset.'

ELIZABETH LEE.

**NET BOOKS. WHY IT IS NOT PRACTICABLE  
TO MAKE A REDUCTION IN THEIR PRICE TO  
LIBRARIES.**



N article appeared in the July number of 'The Library' in which complaint is made that no discount off net books is allowed to libraries, and suggestions are offered as to what form of 'restitution' should be advocated by librarians. In the April number a similar complaint is made in the 'Notes on Books and Work.' The July article is signed by 'Castor and Pollux,' and the 'notes' in the April number are signed by 'A. W. P.' 'Castor and Pollux' are presumably librarians, and Mr. Pollard says: 'I have put these points with some fervour, because being myself an author and editor in a small way, and mostly of bookish books to which librarians might feel favourably disposed, I feel that the refusal to them of a reasonable special discount is a personal wrong.' These complaints are thus made from the points of view of the librarian and the author. May I, as a publisher and bookseller, and as one who has been intimately associated with the negotiations which led to the adoption of what is known as the 'net system' be allowed to explain why I think the decision to refuse a special discount to the librarians was a wise decision?

At the outset let me say that I acknowledge that something may be said for the librarians. As large buyers with secure credit libraries might claim to be treated differently from the public. Librarians, though at times troublesome and unreasonable, generally know what they want, and the special knowledge which it is expensive for the bookseller to obtain is not as a rule so necessary for dealing with librarians as with the public.

But, while this is frankly admitted, the fact remains that to have made any concessions to librarians or to anyone else would have so endangered the whole 'net system' that it was felt to be impossible to grant librarians special treatment.

'Castor and Pollux' say: 'Librarians have no grudge against publishers or against net books, and it is not suggested that, as a body, publishers are inimical to libraries, but,' they add, 'in their desire to improve the condition of the booksellers they have inflicted a grievous injury upon libraries.'

'Castor and Pollux,' in putting their case in this way, have misunderstood the object of the 'net system.' Undoubtedly, the 'condition of the booksellers' was one of the points to be considered, but the interests of the author and the librarian were just as much at stake. The bookseller could look after himself. If he could not afford to keep those 'bookish' books which interest Mr. Pollard and librarians, he could do without them, and turn his attention to the sale of stationery, pictures, etc., and of those books—such as the popular six-shilling novel—on which he could get better profits, and for which no special knowledge was required. In

self-defence he was in many cases forced to do so, and in fact to cease to be a bookseller in the real sense of the term.

This decay of bookselling, which was rapidly spreading throughout the country, very materially affected the interests of authors, and the general public as well as of publishers and booksellers. It is universally recognized that the bookseller's counter is the best means by which new books can be introduced to the public: and if the bookseller could not afford to stock 'bookish' books what chance of sale could they have? To check this decay, and to make it possible for booksellers to stock these books was the object aimed at by the 'net system' and the fact that it has been so largely adopted by the publishers is proof enough that they find it to the interest of their authors and themselves to make books 'net.'

The conditions which affect the sale of books are different from those which affect the sale of anything else. Bookselling in the proper sense of the term requires a considerable amount of education in those connected with it, and this to the bookseller means expense. But the public forgets this. The public is quite willing to pay a higher price for what it buys in Bond Street than it would for precisely the same articles bought in a less fashionable part of London. But with books it is different. The public expects to buy books from the bookseller who spends money on his own education and that of his assistants at the same rate as from the bookseller who treats books as if they were on a level with 'patent medicines.' It was obvious,

therefore, that if education in bookselling was to count for anything, some scheme had to be devised to put a stop to the ruinous underselling so prevalent.

The 'net system' was the outcome of this, and the basis of that system is that no reduction off net books is to be allowed by any bookseller.

It may be urged that a special discount might have been allowed to libraries without endangering the system. But if once special discounts and exceptions are allowed, where is the line to be drawn? It is not the case, as 'Castor and Pollux' suggest, that it was agreed to allow discounts to schools. Several years ago, when the 'net system' was started, a meeting was held in London, which was largely attended by publishers and booksellers from all parts of the kingdom, and it was then unanimously agreed to make no exceptions whatever. From that day to this, so far as I know, this decision has not in any way been departed from. I repeat, if special discounts and exceptions are to be allowed, where can the line be drawn? If discounts are to be allowed to libraries, why not to schools, and if to schools, why not to scholars and students generally? Again, if libraries are to include institutions which may buy annually books amounting to anything from £500 to £5, why should the library which buys books to the extent of £5, and gives a great deal of trouble, be treated with more generosity than the private customer who buys twenty times as much and gives less trouble? If once exceptions are allowed there would be no end to them.

Another thing must not be forgotten. If by

granting exceptions and special discounts the 'net system' were to be broken down, as it almost certainly would be, what would be the result? 'Bookish' books would still be published, but as their means of circulation would have been paralysed, their price would inevitably have to be raised. Fiction and ephemeral literature would continue to be published at the same prices as at present, but the more serious and solid books would have to be much dearer. Such books, published at present at, say, 6*s.* net, would have to be published probably at 10*s.* 6*d.*; and even if a discount of 25 per cent. were allowed to libraries, the cost would still be 8*s.* If the agitation for a discount off net books to libraries were to prove successful, the almost inevitable result would be that the cost to the libraries of the books that are now published at net prices would be 20 to 25 per cent. more than they are at present.

'A. W. P.' says, 'The introduction of the net system has certainly raised the price of other books (other, that is, than novels) quite 10 per cent.' This statement is, I think, inaccurate. I believe, on the contrary, that books that are published at net prices are about 15 per cent. cheaper than they would have been if they had been discountable. Several publishers have changed many of their books from non-net to net, and in doing so have reduced the published price by about 15 to 20 per cent. As, further, libraries purchase not only books both net and discountable, but also newspapers, periodicals, the publications of learned societies, and many local and special books which have not been affected by the net system, the injury inflicted on the libraries by

the refusal to grant them a discount on net books cannot be reckoned at more than a very small percentage on their *total* purchases.

How is this loss to be met? One of the recommendations made by 'Castor and Pollux' cannot, I think, have been put forward in serious earnest. They add that some firms publish more net books than others, and they say, 'the librarian's first step should be to black-list these.' Now as the books that are published at net prices are as a rule of a less ephemeral nature than those that are not net, it is surely a strange recommendation for a librarian to make that the best books should be boycotted. It is supposed to be the interest and duty of a librarian to encourage the study of the best books, and surely it is better to spend a given sum in the purchase of ten good books than on that of eleven or even twelve inferior ones. Quality not quantity should be the librarian's motto.

Again, 'A. W. P.' says that the librarian is tempted to buy as much fiction and as little non-fiction as possible. One of the most thorough and talented of our librarians has suggested that librarians should be very guarded in their purchase of fiction, and should not buy novels when new, but wait until they had justified their existence. If the net system did nothing but lead librarians to buy little fiction, and much non-fiction, it would have served a useful purpose.

'Castor and Pollux' suggest 'as a second line of defensive attack, the propriety of purchasing at second-hand every net book wanted for the library, so far as such a course can be managed.'

But there is no need to adopt such a drastic course.

If the librarian were to delay one tenth of the total purchases till he could obtain them second-hand, he would do all that was needed to meet his financial difficulties. And to such a course no reasonable bookseller could possibly object. On the contrary, he would be most willing to help the librarian to obtain such purchases to the best advantage.

The rapid growth of libraries is, I think, one of the best signs of the times. They are most valuable institutions, and librarians are among the best of our public servants. But as custodians of literature they ought to welcome the intelligent local bookseller as an ally. 'Castor and Pollux' say 'the booksellers on their part appear to have expected a pretty general distribution of library orders, but in few instances have their expectations been realized.' This is, I think, a pity. It would be a great thing for the education of the country if in all small towns there were booksellers whose shops attracted those who are interested in literature. At one time there were far more than there are now. The net system may do something to bring about a revival of the better state of things. Is it too much to hope that librarians should recognize this and welcome and, so far as they can, support the local bookseller?

ROBERT MACLEHOSE.

## THE PERCEVAL LEGEND IN LITERATURE.



F the various cycles into which the romantic literature of the Middle Ages groups itself, none, for the average English reader, can compare in charm and fascination with that devoted to the deeds of King Arthur and his knights. It is true that till within the last fifty years or so our knowledge has been mainly restricted to the extracts from the later prose romances compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, but the very scantiness of our knowledge has, by deepening the mystery, increased the charm which surrounds these semi-heroic, semi-mystical, tales.

Of late years attempts have been made in various directions to throw light upon the origin and growth of this perplexing body of literature, but so far we cannot be said to have done more than make manifest the extent and complexity of the problems involved; in no single direction is the ground as yet sufficiently clear to enable us to take more than a partial and preliminary survey of the question. Such data as we possess are liable at any moment to change their significance and value in the light thrown by some newly discovered text.

A complete bibliography of any one branch of the cycle is a boon which, however desirable, we dare not as yet expect. In the meantime students

of the literature may be glad to be put in possession of the best available data relative to the most charming, and at one time certainly the most popular, romance of the cycle, of which unfortunately no critical edition exists.

The main outlines of the story of Perceval have, through the use made by Wagner of the German version of the tale, become tolerably familiar. Few probably know the legend at first hand, but many have a general idea of its character—how the boy, brought up by his widowed mother far from the haunts of men, simple, untaught, almost a fool in his apparent lack of mental and spiritual development, gradually becomes a valiant knight, and passing successfully the tests imposed upon him, eventually wins the sacred talisman of the Grail and becomes lord of the Grail castle and kingdom. So much many of us know, but few have a closer knowledge of the details, of the characteristic touches by which the boy's ignorance of the world and simplicity of mind are revealed; his literal interpretation of his mother's counsels, and the difficulties in which he is thereby landed; his equal obedience to the letter of the worthy knight who gives him his first lesson in chivalry, an obedience which leads to his failure at the Grail castle; the doughty deeds by which he won his lady-love, and the long wandering, consequent on the curse of the Grail messenger, before he was deemed worthy to achieve the quest, and win the Grail kingdom. It is not my purpose here to record these deeds in detail, but rather to give such information as may aid those desirous of studying the story for themselves.

Our main authority for the tale I have sketched above is the poem of Chrétien de Troyes, written towards the end of the twelfth century, and, unfortunately, left unfinished by the author. The source of the poem was, he tells us, a book delivered to him by Count Philip of Flanders, at whose command he undertook to '*rimoier le meilleur conte qui soit conté en cort roial.*' What were the contents of the book, and for how much of his material Chrétien was indebted to earlier writers, are questions the discussion of which lies outside the scope of this article. It may, however, safely be postulated that Perceval was already a well-known hero, and that his adventures had formed the theme both of popular *lais*, and more elaborate literary compositions.

The exact date of Chrétien's poem is not known. Philip, Count of Flanders, was guardian to the young king, Philip Augustus of France, and the allusion to the '*cort roial*' has led some critics to conclude that the commission was given while Philip was at the height of his power, acting as Regent for his ward. The late M. Gaston Paris, however, was inclined to suggest an earlier date, and considered that the work was composed towards the beginning of the decade 1170-1180. The popularity of Chrétien's theme is attested by the eagerness with which versifiers seized upon the unfinished poem; how many hands worked at it we cannot as yet definitely say, but three names in especial are associated with the romance in its present form, those of Gautier de Doulans, Dourdans, or Denet (the name is variously written),

## 62 THE PERCEVAL LEGEND

Manessier and Gerbert, who is almost certainly identical with Gerbert de Montreuil, author of the 'Roman de la Violette.' Chrétien's work had reached the respectable length of some 11,000 lines, the sum total with all the continuations is over 60,000. This alarming figure is, however, only reached in one manuscript, the ordinary versions, which do not include 'Gerbert,' run to about 45,000 lines.

In comparison with such prose romances as 'Lancelot' and 'Tristan' manuscripts of the 'Perceval' are rare, but though limited in number they show considerable variation in incident and detail; even in the section due to Chrétien, where the incidents do not vary, the wording of the text differs remarkably. It is probably due to this that the long-promised critical edition is so slow in appearing; the reconstruction of the text will incontestably be a matter of considerable difficulty.

Of the extant manuscripts the 'Bibliothèque Nationale,' Paris, possesses the lion's share, six out of seventeen. These are: (1) 12576, thirteenth century, complete, numbering 260 leaves, and, moreover, the only manuscript which contains the section by Gerbert. Of this I propose later on to give an abstract, as it is practically unknown and of great interest. (2) 12577, fourteenth century, 272 leaves, with two lacunae, covering about 350 lines. This manuscript, which is the best written of the group, and finely illuminated, gives a series of adventures by Gawain only found elsewhere in the printed edition of 1530. (3) 794, thirteenth century, about 90 leaves, bound up with other

romances by Chrétien, is incomplete, breaking off suddenly in the middle of the adventure of the stag's head. This manuscript differs from the others in distinguishing Chrétien's work from that of his continuators by the insertion of the words, '*Ex-  
plycyt Percevax le viel.*' (4) 1450, thirteenth century, incomplete both at beginning and end, Chrétien's introduction being absent, and the poem breaking off after the conclusion of the combat between Gawain and Giromelans. (5) 1429, thirteenth century. Here the first leaf, which was apparently written in a different hand, is missing all but a fragment, and the manuscript begins in the middle of Perceval's meeting with the knights in the forest; it is also incomplete at the end, the conclusion with Manessier's name being absent, but the bulk of the poem, 380 leaves, is given. (6) 1453, fourteenth century, covers the same ground, beginning about twelve lines earlier and ending about fifty later, and numbers 280 leaves.

The Berne Stadt-Bibliothek possesses two 'Perceval' manuscripts, No. 354, which contains Chrétien's poem only, ending at the line where B.N. 794 interpolates the rubric referred to above; and No. 113, containing a portion only of the first continuation, to which a few lines of somewhat vague introduction, and a conclusion based upon Borron's romance, have been added.

Besides these manuscripts, all of which I have personally examined, there is one in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, which, though it has lost several pages, consists of 258 leaves, and must therefore contain a large proportion of the whole; one at Mons,

and one at Montpellier, these two last having been utilized by M. Potvin for his edition. This, which was published in 1866-71 gives the text of the Mons manuscript, with additions from that of Montpellier, and the first of the six volumes contains the prose romance of 'Perlesvaus' from the manuscript in the Brussels Library. The libraries of Clermont-Ferrand, 'Riccardi,' Florence, and Heralds' College, London, also possess Perceval manuscripts. Of these the first and third are incomplete. I have no information as regards the Florentine.

There is also extant a very good Low German translation of the latter part of the 'Perceval,' modified so as to make it harmonize, more or less, with the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach. Of this translation three manuscripts are known, one at Donauesching, which is the original, one at Strassburg, and one at Rome. A special point of interest in this version is that it contains the introduction referred to above, and only found in the Mons manuscript. This version is generally known as the 'Wisse-Collin,' from the names of the translators, and was edited from the Strassburg text in 1882.

A prose version of the complete poem, always excepting that portion due to Gerbert, was published in Paris by Longis, Sainct-Denis, and Galliot du Pré in 1530. There also exists a mediaeval Dutch translation of the latter part of Chrétien's work, and the first leaves of the continuation, this was published by M. Jonckbloet in 1850, in his 'Roman van Lance-loet,' of which the extract forms a part. This Dutch version differs in some notable points from any known French text.

We have thus seventeen manuscripts of the 'Perceval,' of which fourteen represent the original French text, and three a translation from that text. We have, moreover, five printed editions: two French (Paris, 1530, and Potvin, Mons, 1866-71), and three translations (Strassburg, 1882, Jonckbloet, 1850), and the Flemish fragments. None of these, however, save the 'Wisse-Collin' text, is easily available.

Before turning to the much more extensive bibliography of the German version, the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach, I propose to give a somewhat detailed summary of the Gerbert continuation. As I have stated above, the poem exists in one manuscript only, and unfortunately M. Potvin, when printing his edition, instead of giving in full this practically unknown and unavailable section of the work, contented himself with a brief, and by no means correct, summary. Mr. Alfred Nutt, in his abstract of the romance, prefixed to his 'Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail,' followed this summary, with the result that the real extent and remarkable interest of Gerbert's work has hitherto been ignored by the critics. The following abstract is therefore absolutely the first full and detailed account of this unique version to appear in print.

The section commences after Perceval's failure to resolder the sword of the Grail castle, as related by Gautier. During the night he is awakened by a great light, and hears a voice bidding him hasten to the rescue of his sister, who is in sore need of aid. Leaving the castle at daybreak he comes to an enclosure, surrounded by a wall, parti-coloured, red

and white, within which he hears the sound of folk making merry, and of sweet music, harp, viol and organ. Desirous of entry he knocks loudly at the gate with his sword, and no one appearing repeats the summons so vigorously that the weapon breaks in his hand. An old man then appears and tells him that he has lengthened his penance by over seven years. He may not enter now, but should he ever return and achieve the quest he may do so. Perceval asks if his sword may be mended, and is told only by him who forged it, who will know how and where it was broken. The old man then gives Perceval a letter of such virtue that no man having it 'spread beneath his head' can be deceived by the devil or deprived of his senses. He tells the hero he has beheld the Earthly Paradise, which cannot be won by prowess, valour, or riches. Perceval rides off, but ere he has gone a bowshot there is naught to be seen, all has vanished. He finds the country through which he rides well tilled and marvels much; yestereven 'twas waste land. He sees a peasant sowing corn, and is bidden by him to go to a castle near by, where he will be well received. The folk of the castle come forth with cross and procession to meet him, telling him that they owe to him the restoration of their lands and the goods that they had lost. The lady of the castle, Escolasse, receives him courteously, greeting him 'en bel françois,' and explains that when he asked concerning the Lance and the Grail the land became fertile and the folk prosperous. As they sit together on the window-seat Perceval sees the flame of a forge 'more blue than azure,' and asks if there be a smith

in the castle. The maid replies there is one of great age, a king gave him his dwelling in reward for three swords which he forged; over the forging of the last he spent more than a year, and foretold that it should never be broken, save in one peril, which he alone knew, and that none but he might reforge it, but when that should come to pass he should have but a short time to live. The forge is now guarded by two serpents, and none save the servants of the smith may enter. Perceval asks the name of the castle, it is Cothoatre, and 'tis the 'manor' of King Frolac. That night Perceval sleeps on a couch, at each corner of which hangs a bell; no man, however sick, could lie on that bed but he would be made whole of his sickness. Escolasse offers herself to Perceval, and on his refusing, on the ground that it would be a sin to break his or her virginity, explains that she had felt bound to do so as the only return she could make for the benefits her land and folk had received through him.

Next morning Perceval arms himself with an axe, and accompanied by the maiden rides to the forge. After a fierce fight he slays the guardian serpents (clearly, from the description, dragons), and penetrates to the old smith, who knows at once what he seeks. He tells him the sword was broken at the gate of Paradise, and once mended shall never break again for any blow that a hero may smite. Perceval has braved many perils in search of the Grail, and passed many winters and summers in the quest, and shall pass many more, but he, the smith, has now but short while to live. Perceval rejoins the maiden, but in spite of her entreaties, and those of

her folk, will not remain at the castle. He rides off, but ere he has gone far he hears all the bells toll; the smith Trebuchet, who reforged his sword, is dead.

Riding on our hero finds two maidens tied by their hair to a tree, and two knights fighting desperately; Perceval asks the reason, and is told that they have been to Mount Dolorous, and failing to achieve the adventure have lost their reason—they are Segramor and Agravain. He tests the virtue of the old man's letter upon them, and they regain their senses. They all spend the night at a house near by, and the next morning Perceval departs, leaving the two knights, who are wounded, to the care of the host. After a week's riding he comes to the forest of Carlion, where he meets Arthur and his court, who are hunting the white stag. Perceval is warmly welcomed by King and Queen; but Kex mocks him, saying he will be old and bald-headed ere he find the Grail. They return to court, where a great feast is held. Perceval sees on the dais a chair wrought of gold and precious stones; he marvels that none sit in it, and thinks it is reserved for the King. Arthur bids him ask anything he will; he would know why none sit in the chair. All weep and curse the sender. Perceval asks the reason and is told a fairy sent it to the King, bidding him place it on the dais at every high feast; none but he who shall achieve the quest of the Grail, and win the world's honour, shall be worthy to sit in it. Six have already dared the adventure and been swallowed up by the earth. Perceval says he will test the Perilous Seat; and, in spite of the opposition of King and courtiers, carries

out his intention. As he seats himself the chair gives forth a loud 'brait,' and the earth cleaves asunder beneath his feet; but he gives no sign of fear. From the gulf thus made the six who have previously vanished come forth, whole and sound, and kneel before Perceval. The earth closes—'ceste aventure est achievée.' In the midst of general rejoicing Arthur asks the recovered knights how they fared in the earth; they say, but ill, and describe the punishment that awaits sinners, especially those who commit unnatural sins.

A maiden rides past the hall, weeping: Perceval, taking leave of King and Queen, follows her and asks her woe. She proves to be his cousin, who, having yielded under promise of marriage to the prayers of her lover, has been forsaken by him. He is now about to wed another, and has defiantly told her can she find a kinsman to avenge her she can send him on that errand. Her cousin she knows is valiant enough, but he is seeking Lance and Grail. Perceval, without revealing his identity promises to aid her. They arrive as the bridal procession is on its way to the minster. The priest '*crie le ban*,' and bids any who knows reason against the marriage speak. The maiden forbids the banns, on the ground that the bridegroom is betrothed to her. Her faithless lover bids her be silent, or he will have her flogged off the ground. Perceval rebukes him for his courtesy, and repeats the accusation. The knight gives him the lie direct, and defies him to combat: the bride also threatens him; he shall be hanged, and she will look on. A fierce combat ensues, and Perceval, victorious, forces the

knight, Faradien, to keep his word to his cousin, Ysmaine. Having seen them married he sends them to Arthur's court, bidding Faradien say he has been overcome by the knight who sat in the Perilous Seat, whereby the former knows he has been vanquished by the best knight on earth, and is comforted. Perceval accepts the hospitality of the priest and is directed by him on his road.

Coming to a wayside chapel he enters and prays; then lies down to sleep beneath a tree outside. To him there appears the Devil, in the semblance of a fair maiden riding a black mule. She offers herself to him, telling him she is daughter to the Fisher-King, and if he will accept her love she will reveal to him all the secrets of the Grail. Perceval refuses scornfully, and the fiend departs in a mighty tempest. The knight draws a circle with his sword round himself and his steed and falls asleep. The next morning he rides off and comes, after a week, to his mother's house, where his sister receives him gladly. The two visit their uncle, the Hermit, where Perceval makes confession of his sins, and is told none may hope to win the favour of God by vain glory, but by penitence and confession; so will he have the sword with two edges—the one to defend Holy Church, the other to execute righteous judgement; now the one edge is blunted, and the other used for worldly purposes; and to one who bears such a sword the gate of Paradise is barred. Perceval listens meekly to his teaching, and departs with his sister. The next morning he rides away, taking the maiden with him, to the great grief of her household; they have guarded and

cherished her for ten years, when no kinsman took thought for her, and look upon her as a holy thing,  
*'une sainte chose.'*

On their way they met a knight who would carry off the maiden, but is overthrown by Perceval, who sends him prisoner to Arthur—he is Mordred. The hero and his sister come to the Castle of Maidens, where an old lady in white demands his name, and that of his parents, before she will grant him a lodging. Perceval tells his name: his father was Gales li Caus, but he knows not who was his mother; disinherited, she lived in '*martyre*', and none knew her name, her land, or her lineage. The old lady says she was her kinswoman, and admits them to the castle. In the hall they find eighty ladies and maidens clad in black robes with white veils. (In Gautier's section the inhabitants of the castle are all of one age, golden-haired and clad in green. The fairy castle has here become a nunnery!)

Their hostess informs them that their mother's name was Philosofine; they two were cousins, and crossed the sea together, when, by the command of God, they brought the Grail into that country. Later, in punishment for the sins of the folk, it was borne by angels to the land of the Fisher-King, where Perceval had seen it. She bids him leave his sister in her care, which he does on his departure next day.

The story now relates the arrival of Faradien and Mordred at court, and their discovery of the name of their conqueror.

We have next an important section, amounting to upwards of 1,500 lines, devoted to Tristan, and

## 72 THE PERCEVAL LEGEND

relating certain adventures of that hero not met with elsewhere. This, which is referred to later on as '*la luite Tristan*', is clearly the working over of an earlier and independent poem. As an edition of this text is about to be published it will be unnecessary to summarize it here. Towards the end of this section Perceval appears on the scene, at a tournament, and, after overthrowing Lancelot and Tristan, reveals his name to Gawain.

The next day the knights separate, Perceval in quest of the Grail, Gawain going to Mont Esclaire, and the others returning to court. The story follows the adventures of Perceval.

After many days he comes forth from the forest, and sees before him a castle, and four knights leading a fifth, who is desperately wounded. Perceval salutes them, and is invited to lodge with them that night, no other dwelling being nigh at hand. The wounded knight is father to the four; on entering the hall he revives, and seeing Perceval, says he much resembles the lad he knighted. He is Gornumans de Grohaut. Perceval says he is indeed that boy, and asks how Gornumans and his sons come to be in such evil case. Gornumans tells him they must fight daily with forty knights, each evening they leave them dead on the field, each morning they find them alive and ready for fight. He is now too sorely wounded to renew the strife. Perceval promises to take his place on the morrow. He then tells of his failure to resolder the sword, and asks if it be on account of his omission to fulfil his promise of marriage to Blancheflor, Gornumans' niece? The old knight tells him that was the reason; he must

wed the maiden, hear mass devoutly, and he will achieve the quest.

Next morning Perceval aids the four brothers, and the forty foemen are slain, the last two, dying, tell Perceval he will have his pains for naught, they will be alive and whole on the morrow. The hero, binding up the wounds of his comrades, sends them back to the castle, he himself will keep watch all night, and, if possible, solve the mystery. It is bitterly cold, and he walks up and down to keep himself warm. Towards midnight the moon shines brightly, he sees a great light on a hill-side near at hand, and hears a terrible cry. He makes the sign of the cross and beholds the hillside open, and a hideous old hag issue forth. She bears two small barrels of ivory, hooped with gold and precious stones; from one of these she takes a drop of balsam, with which she anoints the lips of one of the slain, who forthwith comes to life. She does this to four before Perceval bethinks him he had best interfere ere matters go further. He mounts his steed and rides at the hag, who is much dismayed, recognizing him at once: she fears none save him, for he alone could achieve the adventure. She bids Perceval guard the barrels well, for so rich a relic never belonged to any of his lineage; 'tis the balsam with which our Lord was anointed when laid in the tomb: so long as she lives Perceval will never find the Grail. Perceval says she has lived too long already, but why make war on Gornumans? It is by command of the King of the Waste City, and in punishment for having knighted Perceval. While speaking, the hag brings another knight to life, and

Perceval, hesitating no longer, strikes off her head. He then fights with and slays the resuscitated knights, and tries the effect of the balsam on the most valiant. He would spare his life, would he ask for mercy, but he refuses, so Perceval slays him. At daylight he returns to the castle, where he is received with joy, and heals the wounds of father and sons. He expresses his intention of going at once to Belrepaire and wedding Blancheflor, as he is wishful to lead a chaste life. (Here follows a passage reflecting severely on the morals of monks and priests, showing plainly that the author of the poem Gerbert was following distinguished clearly between chastity and celibacy.)

The next day he departs, accompanied by Gornumanns; they arrive at Belrepaire and are joyfully welcomed by its mistress. Perceval, in the presence of her 'men,' makes formal request for her hand. 'My lords,' he says, 'I come to ask your lady to wife in all good faith, as it behoveth me to do.' They assent gladly. That night Blancheflor comes to Perceval's bedside, and they spend the night together, yet in all innocence; they will not anticipate the moment when they can come together without shame. The next morning they are wedded in great state by the Archbishop of Landemeure, and the Bishops of Lumor and Lumeri. (Gerbert's names are often very perplexing.) We have then a long passage devoted to the wedding festivities, a contrast being drawn between the generosity that prevailed of old, when the minstrels came poor, and went away rich, and the meanness of the present day, when the robes promised to the minstrels are

ofttimes given in payment to the barbers. (All this has a personal note which is most curious and interesting as throwing light upon the character and social status of the writer, and the customs of the day.) After the feast the marriage couch is blessed by an imposing company of archbishops and bishops. Among the names given are Dinas Clamadas, Rodas, the already-named Lumor and Lumeri, S. Andrew 'en Escoche,' S. Pol de Lion, and S. Aaron 'en Gales.' When left alone Blancheflor speaks to Perceval, 'Virginity surpasses chastity, had they not better keep both?' He agrees, they arise and pray, and lie down again. Perceval is awakened by a voice which foretells that of his lineage shall be born a maiden who shall wed a rich king, but without blame on her part shall be in peril of death by burning. She shall be rescued by her son. She and her lord shall have other children, who shall conquer great lands, one above all shall have at first the form of a man, and be most fair to see, but later he shall become a bird, whereof father and mother shall be in great grief. To the elder brother shall befall a fair adventure, for he shall wed a maiden, whose lands he shall deliver by combat, and of them shall be born a daughter, whose offspring shall be pleasant to all folk, for of him shall come three sons who shall conquer Jerusalem and the true Cross.

(This prophecy clearly refers to the well-known story of the Swan Knight, and more especially to that version which is connected with the family of Godfrey de Bouillon, the conqueror of the Holy Sepulchre. As it stands, however, the promise is

meaningless. Perceval has but two relatives, a hermit uncle and a sister, both vowed to a life of celibacy. There can, I think, be little doubt that this passage, together with the previous detailed account of the marriage, belonged originally to a version in which the union was one in fact and not merely in form, and the Swan Knight Perceval's direct descendant. We have such a version in the 'Parzival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach, where Parzival demands the maiden's hand from her barons, weds her, and though he leaves her maid on the marriage night, subsequently becomes the father of twin sons, of whom the younger, Loherangrin, is the Knight of the Swan. As evidence in favour of the existence of a French source for the 'Parzival,' other than Chrétien, this section of Gerbert's continuation is of the highest importance.)

The next morning, after hearing mass, Perceval receives the homage of the barons, commits his wife to the care of Gornumans, and rides off in quest of the Grail. Here the story breaks off, and in a long and often quoted passage Gerbert names himself or is named by the reciter. He tells how Chrétien left his poem unfinished at his death, and how he, Gerbert, continued it when all others had laid it aside, but now has he finished his *laisse*, according to the true history. May God grant him strength to attain to the end of the tale, which he began where Perceval resoldered the sword and asked concerning Grail and Lance. 'From that point Gerbert "selected" the tale I tell ye, but the *luite de Tristan* he arranged in its entirety, *amenda il tot a compas*, nor did he miss aught of it.'

After this digression, the true significance of which has never been threshed out, but which appears to denote a change of source at this point, the tale relates how Perceval comes to a hermit, who gives him shelter for the night. There is but one castle near at hand, and the lord of that shames all comers. Next morning a knight rides up with a lady, whom he is cruelly ill-treating; he has slain her lover, and would marry her by force. The knight requests the hermit to wed them; he refuses to do so unless the lady is willing, which she is not. Perceval, interposing, tells the knight if a man marry a wife with her goodwill he oft has trouble and sorrow, how much more if he wed her without! The knight bids him not interfere; they fight, and Perceval is victor. The knight, Dragonel li cruels, is sent prisoner to Arthur. The lady remains at the hermitage and is much disturbed at the scanty fare offered to her. Perceval tells her, better fast and keep soul alive than feast and lose soul, to which she assents. Next morning they ride together in search of the lady's lover, whom they find not dead but badly wounded; Perceval sends him to Blancheflor, with a message bidding her heal him with the hag's balsam. The hero rides on, and meets a maid lamenting herself. The lord of the castle near by has an ill custom; all who pass that way must leave horse and armour or joust with him and his four sons; if overthrown he does them great shame. Her lover had been overthrown in the fourth encounter, and she would not remain to see his shame. Perceval rides on to the castle, and finds them about to harness the knight, who is stripped

to his shirt, to a cart, on which are the shields of his victors and a hideous dwarf. He is to draw the cart through the town. Perceval interposes, overthrows the five knights, and forces the lord to renounce the evil custom of the castle. Next day he continues his journey, with the rescued knight and his lady. They come to two roads, the right-hand one leads to 'durecestre' (Dorchester?), and folk may travel it safely, the left-hand one is *la voie aventureuse*, and beset with peril; they part, Perceval going to the left. For a week he rides through a waste and deserted land, then he meets two maidens making great lamentation over a litter, in which is a knight severely burnt. He asks them what has happened, but they give no answer. A little later he meets a squire weeping, and bearing a knight badly burnt about the head and neck. Perceval again asks an explanation, but, as before, receives no answer; he rides on, marvelling much.

Presently he comes to an open glade, in which stands a cross; at the cross are two hermits, the one beating it with rods, the other adoring with clasped hands. Perceval would fain know the reason, but can win no answer. As he looks on, the 'Bête Glatissante' comes forth from the forest; the knight pursues it till it can run no further, when the young issue from its belly, tear it in pieces, and falling on each other, fight till they too are killed. Night falling, Perceval sees a light, and goes toward it to seek shelter. He finds an enclosure within which are fourteen hermits, supping on bread and water. They receive him kindly, and make him welcome

to their fare. A maiden rides up, bearing round her neck a white shield with a red cross, within which is a piece of the true Cross; no man save the destined Grail winner can take the shield from the maiden's neck, and any save the most valiant of knights must perish if he attempt it. Perceval hastens to dismount the maiden, and takes the shield, whereon she hails him as the best of knights. The maiden bears with her wine and pasties, which she shares with Perceval; he would fain offer some to their hosts, but the servant tells him they eat no meat and drink no wine, and their King alone may speak at meals. They may talk freely to the King, and ask of him counsel, and the explanation of any marvel they have met with on their way. His name is Elyas Anias. Perceval asks of the hermits and cross—one smote the cross in vengeance for Our Lord's sufferings, the other adored in gratitude for Salvation. Then of the '*Bête Glatissante*'—'tis a symbol of Holy Church destroyed by her children. The King tells Perceval he is his uncle, Perceval and his sister are of royal race, but folk think little of that if poor. Perceval assents, and says his sister is now in the Castle of Maidens with St. Isabel, whereat the King is rejoiced.

Next morning, after hearing Mass, the knight and the maiden depart, Perceval bearing the shield; turning to ask the maiden concerning it he finds she has vanished, and deems she was phantasm or faërie. Soon after he meets a car driven by a maiden with garments inside out. On the car lies a knight, burnt to the waist. Perceval salutes her, and she is rejoiced at beholding his shield, as she knows he will avenge her dead

lover. Perceval asks how he met his death, and learns that he and others were victims of the Knight of the Dragon, brother to King Maragon; a worshipper of the Devil, the Foul Fiend has given him a shield on which is a dragon's head, from the jaws issue flames which consume all who would fight with him. He is now besieging the Demoiselle du Cercle d'Or, on the Pui de Mont Esclaire; there her lover had been slain, and she has sworn to wear her clothes thus till he be avenged. Perceval promises to do his best to avenge him. They come first to an Abbey, where the Abbess and nuns are nearly starved, as they depended for food on Mont Esclaire. Next morning they meet horses laden with food belonging to the Dragon Knight; the servants, who hate their master, bid them take what they will. They come to Mont Esclaire, which is on the point of surrendering through famine. Perceval sounds the bell which challenges the Dragon Knight to combat, and he appears with his fiery shield. Perceval's steed is burnt, so also is his lance, all but the blade, but when the flame touches the shield wherein is the piece of the true Cross the enchantment ceases, and the Devil in the form of a black crow issues from the Dragon's mouth, shrieking horribly. The knight taunts Perceval with overcoming him by spells, not by valour, and challenges him to lay aside his shield, and meet him on equal ground. Perceval accepts and lays down his shield, a maiden rides up and carries it off. The two fight fiercely, and the Dragon Knight is vanquished; Perceval exhorts him to repent, and sending for a priest he makes an edifying end. There is great

rejoicing in the castle, and the lady of Mont Esclaire would fain wed her deliverer, but he refuses.

Perceval now starts in pursuit of the maiden who has carried off his shield, and meets the lady of the car; she thanks him for avenging her lover, whose body she takes to the castle for burial, betaking herself to a hermitage. After riding a week through the forest the hero comes to an Abbey, where he sees through a 'grille' an old man, crowned and covered with wounds, and hears the story of Evelac-Mordrach, as related in the 'Queste' (cf. Malory, Book XIV). After leaving the Abbey he comes out on to the open plain, and sees a strong castle; riding towards it he meets a lady and child accompanied by twenty knights; he salutes them and craves a lodging, which is granted. On entering the castle he sees in the middle of the hall a coffer of ivory, banded with gold and precious stones, and a key hanging from it. He asks his hostess what is inside, she tells him no man knows; ten years ago the coffer was brought thither in a barge drawn by a swan, with a letter in French in which was writ that none save the best of knights should open it. Since then they have watched the seven highways, and taken prisoner all the valiant knights who pass, but none can open the chest. Yesterday they had taken Sir Gawain captive, he had made a stout resistance till they sent ladies to take him, when he yielded himself prisoner! Since he failed to open the coffer they are keeping him captive. The lord and his brothers arrive, and bid Perceval test the adventure; he does so, and the coffer opens; within lies the embalmed body of a knight, with a letter

saying that he who opens the chest is the slayer. The host recognizes the body as that of his father, who had gone to Arthur's court and never returned; Perceval, on his part, knows the dead man for the Red Knight, whom he had slain on his first visit, as a mere boy, to court. The lord of the castle attacks Perceval, who seizes the child with one hand, and an axe with the other, and threatens to use the child as a shield. The host, whose name is Leander, allows him to arm, on condition that he fights with him and his three brothers in turn. Perceval accepts, and he and Leander fight fiercely till nightfall, when the combat is postponed till the morrow. The lady of the castle treats Perceval well, binding up his wounds, and bringing him food, his arms, and a light in case of need. A minstrel relates a tale to him till he falls asleep.

In the castle are four kinsmen of the lord, treacherous and cruel; they know themselves to be regarded with scant favour, as it was by their counsel that the Red Knight went to the court of King Arthur, where he met his death; they resolve to slay Perceval, arm themselves, take torches and proceed to break down the door. The minstrel, who is sleeping in the same chamber, rouses the knight, helps him to arm, and taking an axe himself aids him valiantly in the combat. The lady, wakened by the noise, warns her husband, who fearing that he will be shamed should Perceval, to whom he has promised a truce, be slain under his roof, arms his men and hastens to the rescue. The minstrel, after doing yeoman's service, has been slain on the threshold; the four traitors, though reinforced by four

serjeants, have failed to effect an entrance, Perceval having already slain three of their number. Leander seizes and binds the survivors, swearing to do justice on them for breaking his truce and slaying his minstrel. Next morning he hangs the traitors, burns their bodies, and banishes their heirs. The minstrel is buried with great honour in the church of St. Augustine, with an inscription on the tomb to the effect that all minstrels should hereafter be held in honour for his sake.

Perceval remains at the castle till his wounds are healed, when his host insists that he is bound in honour to avenge his father, and that the combat between them must take place. It does so, and Perceval is victor; peace is made with the other brothers, who recognize that Leander, who is the most valiant among them, being overcome, it would be folly on their part to fight. The prisoners are released, and ignorant of what has happened think they are going to their death. All make lamentation save Gawain, who, seeing Perceval, thinks he too is a prisoner; and is more concerned for his friend's fate than for his own; did he but know Perceval was safe, he swears by St. Laurence, '*le vrai martir, la mort sachez tot vraiment passerai plus legierement*',—a charming touch, and one worthy of the best traditions of Gawain's character. Perceval tells him the truth, and all are set free.

Leander does great honour to Perceval and Gawain, and would fain have kept them with him; but Gawain says he must go to Mont Esclaire. His host tells him the siege is raised, and the Dragon Knight slain; but he knows not by whom. Perceval

holds his peace. The next morning all depart. They come to three roads; the centre, and best, leads to Bretagne; that on the left, to Mont Esclaire; that on the right is beset with perils—none who go that way return. Gawain goes to the left, Perceval to the right, while the remainder follow the main road to Arthur's court. The tale now concerns itself with Gawain.

He comes to a tent where he is well received by a maiden of surpassing beauty but treacherous disposition. Gawain makes advances, to which she responds, telling him he may share her couch that night. This is a ruse to compass his death; she has already slain twenty knights with a weapon concealed beneath the covering of the couch. Gawain, making the sign of the Cross, detects the trap, throws away the weapon, and forces the maiden to yield to his will: she admits she is rightly punished. Two cousins of the lady, foes of Gawain, appear and attack him; he slays one and the other flies. The lady binds up Gawain's wounds, and promises him her love. Her brothers have meanwhile been warned, and come in hot haste, followed by twenty knights; Gawain slays four of his assailants, and outrides the others. After escaping from his foes he comes to a castle where he is well received; the lord has a custom that all guests whom he harbours shall, after meat, recount all that has befallen them that day. Gawain tells his adventures truthfully, and his host, rising in great excitement, declares 'tis his daughter he has dishonoured, and his sons whom he has slain. At this moment the knights arrive with a bier, on which lie the dead bodies of the

sons; as they pass the doorway the wounds break out afresh, and all cry on the host to take vengeance on the slayer. The daughter urges her father not to break the custom of the castle, but to intrust Gawain to her care for the night; she will see he does not escape. The father, not knowing that her feelings towards Gawain have undergone a change, consents, and she takes the knight to her chamber, where the two have much joy of each other. In the morning the lady arranges a comedy for her father's delusion; giving Gawain a sword she bids him make feint to attack her, while her maidens cry for help, saying that the prisoner has escaped, and is about to slay their mistress. All play their parts so well that the father, deceived, allows Gawain to leave the castle on condition that he fights with him at a place he fixes near by. The lord of the castle is vanquished; Gawain spares his life at the request of the lady, and bids her go to Arthur's court, and await him there. He next comes to a hermitage, where he finds the maiden whose lover had been slain by the Dragon Knight, and learns that Perceval has achieved the adventure. He decides that it will now be useless to go to Mont Esclaire. Next morning he meets Arthur and Guinevere, with four thousand knights and as many ladies, on their way to demand his release from prison. After a joyful meeting all ride together to Nicole (Lincoln) where a great feast is held.

The story now returns to Perceval, who rides through a waste land till he comes to a hermitage, and asks if there be a lodging near at hand? The hermit counsels him to return, telling him all have

## 86 THE PERCEVAL LEGEND

fled that land on account of the marvels therein; none who go that way ever return; he has been there a hundred years, so knows. Perceval sleeps there that night, and on the morrow, despite the hermit's warning, continues his journey. Presently he hears a hideous cry, thrice repeated, but can see nothing. Nigh at hand is a marble 'perron'; he seats himself upon it, and a voice from beneath prays for release. Perceval says he cannot lift the stone; but the voice bids him draw out an iron spike protruding from it. As he does this a small worm issues forth; thunder, smoke and flame follow, and the knight knows that the Devil has deceived him. A great serpent appears, with the head and face of a man, and reveals himself as the Old Serpent which tempted Eve: she saw but his head, had she seen his body she had not been deceived. Merlin had imprisoned him in that stone lest he lead the Grail questers astray; but he had previously wasted and destroyed all that land. Perceval professes to doubt that he can be the worm he saw; and the Devil, changing back into that shape, creeps into the hole; whereon the knight, seizing his opportunity, replaces the spike. Asked why he tempts good folk, the fiend explains that 'tis because God gives him sinners without labour on his part, but others he must win for himself: Perceval will be tempted many times ere he win the Grail—he will say no more. Perceval mounts and rides on through a land burnt and wasted. At even he comes to a meadow, wherein are a cross and the image of a maiden; an armed knight makes bitter lamentation before the figure. He challenges Per-

ceval to fight, but is overcome, and the victor demands the reason for his conduct. He explains that his mistress was murdered in that place a year ago by a knight who had besought her favours and been refused. He has buried her there, raising the image to her memory, and fights with all who come, hoping eventually to slay the murderer. Perceval asks his name and that of his lady, the knight, as he is about to name her, falls dead. Perceval is overcome by sleep, and when he awakes in the morning there is no corpse but a fair tomb, with an inscription bidding all pray for the soul of the knight, Lugarel.

Riding on his way, he next comes to a fountain, wherein is a maiden up to her neck in water. Her lover has put her there out of jealousy, because she said Perceval was the better knight; she shall stay there till he whom she has praised comes to take her out. The lover appears, they fight, and the jealous knight is slain. Perceval lifts the lady out of the water, she dresses herself, and they sit down together. The hero falls asleep, and as he slumbers a squire rides up and asks his name. The lady says he is a cowardly and treacherous knight who has slain her lover; if the squire will avenge her on him he shall have her love. He declines, on the ground that she would probably treat him in the same way, and wakes Perceval to tell him what she has proposed; the knight had already heard what passed, and when the maiden would excuse herself, he stops her, remarking, 'tis a pity her *bonté* does not equal her *beauté*, he will bid her Good-day. He rides off and meets a pilgrim, who shares his viands with

him. Coming to a valley he hears loud cries, a maiden runs up and beseeches his aid; she is the daughter of the King of Scotland, and has been carried off by two knights. Attacked by others she had fled on foot and has eaten nothing for three days. Believing her story, Perceval dismounts to lift her on his steed, when he is beset by five robbers, who have used the maiden as a decoy. Perceval slays the five, and rides on to the Black Manor, which is the stronghold of the band. A shepherd meets and warns him of the danger he runs, the band number two hundred, and the maiden belongs to them. Nothing daunted, the hero enters the house, slays three robbers and the maiden, who attack him, throws the body of the latter down a well, and sets fire to the hold.

After this he reaches the castle where he is well received, lord and lady being overjoyed to hear of the destruction of this nest of robbers. The next night he spends with a hermit, who counsels him rather to enter a monastery than to spend his life slaying folk. Next day he meets and fights with an unknown knight; after a sharp struggle Perceval gets the better of him, and bids him go to court and yield himself prisoner to Arthur. He proves to be the knight of the 'Cote mal taillie,' and both are alike rejoiced at the meeting. Perceval is next attacked by a giant, whose brother he has slain, and who proves a dangerous foe. The knight, remembering his ancient skill with the 'javelot' tries a cast with his lance, and pierces the giant through the head. That night he lies at the house of a vavassor, who presents him with new

shield and hauberk, as is his custom with all knights errant whom he lodges.

The tale now relates how the knight of the 'Cote mal taillie' comes to the court of the King of Ireland, where he finds Arthur and his knights, who have come thither for a tournament. All are rejoiced at hearing news of Perceval, and the next day set out in force to seek him. Kay and Gollains li chaus meet, but fail to recognize, him. They joust, and the two knights are overthrown. Perceval rides off, telling them he knows who they are, but they do not know him! Whereat the two are very wrathful. After a day and night in the forest, Perceval comes to a cross at the parting of three ways; taking the middle road he speedily arrives at a castle, which proves to be that of the Fisher-King. Here the version reverts abruptly to the account given by Gautier, with the sole difference that the resoldering of the sword is successfully accomplished, and the King declares Perceval to be lord of the castle. The passage is, however, very confused, whole lines being identical with those of the previous account. It is thus exceedingly difficult to say the exact point at which Gerbert's poem concludes. The fact that the writer does thus revert to the earlier account of the hero's visit to the Grail castle, must, I think, be taken as a proof that he was not aiming at an independent conclusion, but rather at a lengthening of the story. In other words Gerbert's poem is an interpolation to which no satisfactory ending has been attempted.

At the same time the fact that he manifestly drew from sources other than those followed by

Gautier and Manessier, and the character of those sources, gives his work a special value. He has certainly preserved for us a hitherto unknown 'Tristan' poem, he has most probably also preserved a fragment, and an important fragment, of the lost source of Wolfram von Eschenbach; for these reasons alone, apart from the intrinsic interest of his stories, often very high, the 15,000 lines contributed by Gerbert to the evolution of the 'Perceval' are among the most fascinating and important contributions made by any writer to the romantic literature of the Middle Ages.

JESSIE L. WESTON.

**POSTSCRIPT.**—While this article was in the press, a note by M. Paul Meyer appeared in the 'Romania' for October, 1903, in which that distinguished scholar expresses his opinion that the writer hitherto known as Gautier de Doulans (see p. 61) is identical with a certain Wauchier de Denain, known as the translator of various 'Lives' of Saints. MS. 12576 B. N., and the German translation, which closely agrees with it, give the name respectively as Denet and Dünsin, which appears to support M. Meyer's theory.

It may also be noted that the Mons manuscript (p. 63) contains two independent fragments, printed by M. Potvin as an introduction to Chrétien's poem. They are by different writers, and represent a varying tradition. The first is also contained in the Low-German translation, and, under the title 'Elucidation,' is included in certain copies of the 1530 edition. This edition appears to have been printed from a manuscript differing from any now extant, as it includes not only the 'Gawain' adventures of B. N. 12577, but also a small, and evidently interpolated, group of 'Perceval' incidents, which, so far, I have found only in 'Mons' and B. N. 1453.

The Perceval manuscript at Montpellier is No. 249 in the Bibliothèque de l'Ecole de Médecine. It is complete, and gives a text identical with B. N. 1429.

Two Flemish fragments of the 'Perceval' have been published by Von Veerdinghen. I have not yet examined these.

## THE WATER-MARKS IN PAPER.

**E**N connection with the history of early printing it is always a matter of interest, and sometimes a question of great importance, to determine the nature of the paper employed in the case of any particular work, and to verify the water-mark. Many writers have studied the various forms of marks used by the paper-makers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and have placed on record very numerous tracings and reproductions of the emblems and devices employed upon the different descriptions of paper. It is no uncommon thing to find in an old book that the paper may contain three or four different kinds of water-marks, and the mark may often furnish an important clue to the identification of the press, when all other indications are wanting. So far as I am aware, no attempt has hitherto been made to obtain a self-printed record of the water-marks in paper, and as this is a perfectly simple and easy process, and as the sun-picture may with a little care and trouble be made to furnish, in the case of blank paper an absolutely perfect facsimile, not only of the mark itself but also of all the other wire-marks, and even the imperfections of the paper, it seems to be a process worthy of mention and, perhaps, of a more extended trial than the author of this notice has been able to undertake. The method of pro-

## 92 THE WATER-MARKS IN PAPER.

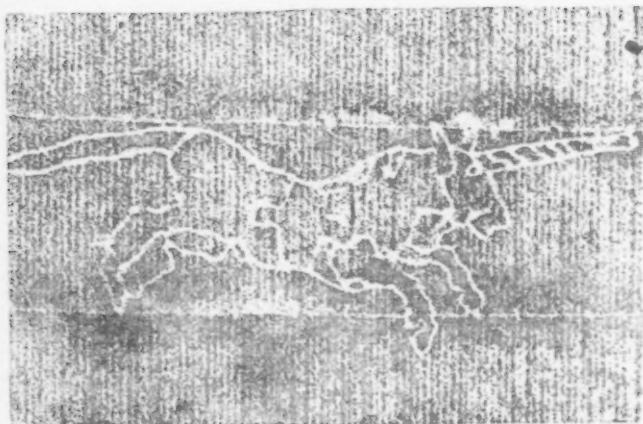
cedure is simply as follows: the paper containing the mark is employed as a photographic negative, and bright light, either direct sunlight or reflected light, is caused to pass through the paper to a sheet of sensitive printing paper placed against it at the back. An exposure of from ten to fifteen minutes, in accordance with the thickness of the paper, suffices to obtain a print of the water-mark and wire-marking, which can then be developed, toned and fixed in the usual way, and by this means an absolutely perfect record is obtained of all the markings in the paper. It is convenient to place the page and the photographic printing paper between two sheets of glass to keep them quite flat.

I give here, as specimens of this process, fig. 1, the mark of the hand and star, found on the paper used by Ulrich Zell for the printing of the 'Sermons' of St. Chrysostom about 1470; fig. 2, the unicorn mark, used on thin paper, in a work printed at Paris by J. Badius, in 1532, 'De Philologia,' by Gulielmus Budæus. With the marks of this kind I have found the 'Paget prize' paper, which is self-toning, gives very good results, but in some cases the very rapid papers, such as the 'Velox' may be used with advantage, especially with artificial light. It is possible with a strong transmitted light to get on this latter paper by this means very good records of printers' marks, initial letters and various book ornaments, in white on black; printing them through the paper direct, and avoiding the necessity for making a negative. Of course the paper must be printed on one side only.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.







SELF-PRINTED FACSIMILES OF WATER-MARKS.

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## PUBLIC UTILIZATION OF EXISTING LIBRARIES.



FTER about sixty years of stress and worry, inquiry and half-hearted legislation, the library system of the United Kingdom is as great a mystery to the man in the street as it was in the days when Edwards, Ewart and others tried to work up an interest in the subject. On one side we have Parliament offering a solid obstruction to the development and improvement of municipal libraries; and on the other we have educated University Extensionists, in alliance with 'Down-with-the-Rates' illiterates, denouncing them as dangerous institutions which are tending to undermine the morals of the poor. Then we have the spectacle, not to be seen even in our own colonies, of a Parliament which cannot recognize the educational value of libraries under any circumstances, unless they are connected with some department of State, or chance to be quondam-Royal institutions, which are enjoying a reversion of favour inherited from those dark ages when libraries were properly regarded as the principal elements in the apparatus of learning. The principle of state recognition of libraries of all kinds has never been seriously considered by the Legislature of the United Kingdom, and the public have been taught to look upon them as mere luxuries, not necessary in the

work of education or research. For this the feeble and permissive Acts of Parliament relating to municipal libraries are partly responsible, because it is quite conceivable that any intelligent community will regard with suspicion a power which is given with the suggestion that it may be used only if considered worth while, and which is subject to miserably hampering pecuniary restrictions.

It is not only in regard to municipal libraries that Parliament has shown itself unsympathetic. Every other variety of library is left to work out its own destiny unaided, with the result that there are enormous collections of books in every department of human knowledge, which cannot be utilized by the community at large, partly because the Government has not recognized the educational possibilities opened up by a system of subsidies to libraries conforming to certain regulations. The colonies offer an object lesson in this respect. Under certain legislative enactments, which need not now be recited, most of the British Colonial governments offer temptations and facilities to the corporate owners of semi-public libraries to give the public access to their collections of books for reference purposes, in return for an annual grant of money which is usually equal in amount to that raised by subscription. The effect of this is to place numerous libraries at the service of the citizens which would otherwise only be available to a few private members, while the funds so provided are of immense service in strengthening the stock of the institutions and improving their equipment. Other governments have recognized the utility of setting free as many

of the existing libraries as possible, and obtaining access to them for the public on terms which are mutually advantageous. The State Library Commissions of the United States have power to make arrangements akin to this, and all the collegiate, school and scientific libraries of France are aided and controlled by the State. Even without these foreign examples it is obvious that if the existing book wealth of Britain could be more effectively placed at the disposal of the public, a very powerful engine for the diffusion of knowledge would be set in action, and that at a comparatively small cost.

In the large towns of the country there are many good and valuable libraries of a general and special kind, languishing because they are neglected by their owners, and gradually becoming out of date for want of a little money with which to revise the stock and add modern books. Such libraries may represent the collections of years in some important class of literature, yet, in the majority of cases, it is quite well known, they are in a moribund condition, because neither rate-supported nor State-aided. They are, furthermore, lying idle, and thus we are confronted with the melancholy spectacle of much of the wisdom of the ages being locked up in a state of neglect for lack of the attention and oversight which a government grant could secure. The problem is how to make this great body of erudition available to the public without injustice to the interests and enjoyments of the small body of private owners. My proposal is, that in return for an annual government grant every scientific, technical, college, pro-

prietary and institutional library shall permit any reader to make reference use of its collections, on the request of any municipal, State or other subsidized library, under such conditions as may be fixed.

The effect of this simple reform would be the guidance of thousands of inquirers to the right centres for all kinds of special studies, and the utilization of library resources for the furtherance of education, which could only tend to the advancement of knowledge. For example, suppose a reader came to a municipal library wanting particular information about some obscure point in colonial history or geography which could not be afforded by the books on the subject stocked at that library. Why should not the librarian be able to give the reader a permit to visit the Colonial Office, or the Royal Colonial Institute, and there procure the information wanted? Again, a working optician wants to read up some point connected with the correction of defects of vision from the physiological point of view, or, perhaps, requires access to a large collection of different works on diseases of the eye not to be found in an ordinary municipal library. Why should he not, on the introduction of the librarian, be able to go to the library of the nearest medical or surgical society and get what he wants? There are hundreds of cases of this sort occurring daily, and if Parliament would grant a reasonable subsidy to these non-public libraries possessing special collections, there is no doubt many of them would welcome the chance of extending their usefulness, and at the same time improving and enlarging their collections

of books. The amount of subsidy I do not pretend to estimate. It might have to vary in different cases, but it seems reasonable to suppose that most of the law, medical, scientific, artistic and other special libraries would be only too glad to aid in the general work of education by throwing open their collections of books and periodicals, under the conditions already mentioned, for an annual grant of £100 or £200 towards the equipment of their libraries. Only those who have inquired for themselves can form any idea of how great is the popular ignorance of the functions and capabilities of libraries. The amateur coin collector, or photographer, or actor, or chemist, or billiard player, or botanist who indulges in ignorant declamation against municipal libraries probably never troubles to inquire if they keep books of a helpful sort dealing with his pet hobby. Such persons simply content themselves with an echo of the silly and never-ending cry about novel reading. Of the very existence of other libraries, especially those of a scientific or technical character, the average citizen is mostly ignorant, but he might become interested if he were taught that access was easy and that Parliament smiled rather than frowned on the library idea. No doubt also some indirect advantage would accrue to the collegiate and other institutions which threw open their libraries to the public, by attracting a certain proportion of the casual readers thus introduced, and so securing an entirely new recruiting ground for students.

I have prepared a brief classified list of a few of the most representative libraries of the various

kinds indicated, and have marked with an asterisk (\*) those to which the public have a right of access with the minimum of trouble or preliminary formality. From this it will be seen what a large field still remains for occupation by students and readers of all kinds. The figures given are only approximations, and must not be regarded as representing the total number of volumes in any of the libraries at the latest count.

### CLASSIFIED LIST OF LIBRARIES.

\* Libraries open to the public without any formality or special introduction.

UNIVERSAL.	Vols.	COLLEGIATE AND SCHOOL.	Vols.
London, British Museum.	2,300,000	General.	
Oxford, Bodleian Lib.	631,000	Aberdeen University.	140,000
Cambridge, University Lib.	580,000	Belfast, Queen's Coll.	46,000
Edinburgh, Advocates' Lib.	450,000	Cambridge Colleges, excluding University Lib.	400,000
Dublin, Trinity College.	270,000	Cork, Queen's Coll.	10,000
LARGE GENERAL (over 100,000 vols.).		Durham, University.	35,000
*Manchester Public Lib.	290,000	Edinburgh, University.	215,000
*Birmingham Public.	283,000	Galway, Queen's Coll.	40,000
*Leeds Public.	227,000	Glasgow, University.	220,000
*Liverpool Public.	220,000	London Univ. Coll.	110,000
London Library.	200,000	Oxford Colleges, excluding Bod- leian.	600,000
Dublin, National Lib. of Ireland	150,000	St. Andrews Univ.	120,000
*Glasgow, Mitchell Lib.	150,000	Special.	
*Edinburgh, Public.	135,000	Aberystwith, Univ. Coll.	19,000
*Sheffield Public.	130,000	Birmingham, Mason Coll.	30,000
*Dundee Public.	122,000	Cardiff, S. Wales Coll.	7,000
*Newcastle Public.	122,000	Cheltenham Coll.	10,000
*London, Guildhall.	120,000	Egham, Royal Holloway Coll.	6,000
*Bristol Public.	115,000	Glasgow, Anderson's Coll.	16,000
*Westminster Public.	107,000	Godalming, Charterhouse.	12,000
*Bradford Public.	106,000	Harrow, Vaughan Lib.	12,000
Liverpool Lyceum.	100,000	Liverpool, Univ. Coll.	35,000
London Institution.	100,000	London, King's Coll.	30,000
*Nottingham Public.	100,000	Manchester, Owens' Coll.	60,000
Edinburgh, Signet.	100,000	Marlborough Coll.	8,500
*Bolton Public.	100,000	SCIENCE.	
SMALL GENERAL (under 100,000).		General.	
All municipal (about 400 in all), sub- scription, proprietary, and other libraries with fewer than 100,000 vols. of a general character, including special libraries like the Chetham and John Rylands of Manchester.		London, Royal Soc.	80,000

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## EXISTING LIBRARIES.

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	Vols.		Vols.
London, S. Kensington Science Lib.	50,000	London, Roy. Med. and Chirg. Soc.	46,000
Edinburgh, Museum.	19,000	— St. Bartholomew's Hosp.	13,000
— Royal Society.	17,000	Manchester, Medical Soc.	32,000
Glasgow, Philosophical Soc.	15,000		
		<i>Engineering.</i>	
		London, Inst. of Civil Eng.	40,000
London, Anthropological Inst.	4,500	— Inst. of Electrical Eng.	100,000
		— Iron and Steel Inst.	4,000
		— Soc. of Telegraph Eng.	4,000
		<i>Naval and Military.</i>	
London, British Museum, Natural History.	73,000	London, Admiralty Lib.	40,000
— Zoological Soc.	23,000	— War Office.	26,000
— Entomological Soc.	5,000	— Royal Military Academy.	14,000
		— Royal Naval Academy.	7,000
		— Royal United Service Inst.	26,000
		<i>Gardening.</i>	
		London, Royal Horticultural Soc.	3,000
		<i>FINE ARTS.</i>	
		<i>Architecture.</i>	
		London, Architectural Assoc.	2,000
		— Royal Inst. of Brit. Arch.	13,000
		<i>Painting, etc.</i>	
		London, So. Kensington Art Lib.	95,000
		— Royal Acad. of Arts.	6,000
		Edinburgh, Royal Scottish Acad.	2,000
		London, Royal Acad. of Music.	4,000
		— Royal Coll. of Music.	7,000
		<i>SOCIAL SCIENCE AND LAW.</i>	
		<i>Law.</i>	
		Aberdeen, Advocates.	8,000
		Birmingham, Law Soc.	12,000
		Bristol, Law Soc.	8,000
		Dublin, King's Inns.	60,000
		Edinburgh, Solicitors' Lib.	14,000
		Glasgow, Faculty of Procurators.	18,000
		Leicester, Law Soc.	2,000
		Liverpool, Law Soc.	7,000
		London, Gray's Inn.	16,000
		— Home Office Lib.	8,000
		— Incorporated Law Soc.	38,000
		— Inner Temple.	58,000
		— Inns of Court, Bar Lib.	15,000
		— Lincoln's Inn.	72,000
		— Middle Temple.	40,000
		Manchester, Law Soc.	10,000
		<i>Friendly Societies.</i>	
		London, Freemason's Lib.	7,000
		<i>Education.</i>	
		London, Teachers' Guild.	9,000

100 PUBLIC UTILIZATION OF

Statistics.	Vols.	Statistics.	Vols.
London, Royal Statistical Soc.	30,000	London, Lambeth Palace.	40,000
Economics.		— New College.	40,000
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Durham.	20,000	— Theological Soc.	5,000
Ely.	9,000	— Williams' Library.	40,000
Exeter.	8,000	Manchester, Lancashire Indep.	
Lichfield.	6,000	Coll.	15,000
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The five libraries in this list which I have complimented with the heading 'Universal' of course deserve the epithet only in virtue of (what should be) their ideals. Of these they fall short not only by some hundreds of thousands of volumes, but also in many points of administration. Even the British Museum, though it provides splendid accommodation for the comparatively small body of literary worthies who make daily use of it, is far less popularly useful than it would be were it more

liberally supplied with funds and furnished with additional reading-rooms for periodicals, reference books, etc., administered by a staff trained on municipal-library rather than Museum lines. What is true of the British Museum is yet more strikingly true of the other libraries which enjoy the privilege of obtaining gifts of books under the Copyright Acts, and give absolutely nothing in return, either to publishers or public. It is quite certain that none of the library resources of the United Kingdom will ever be effectively utilized till Parliament steps in and frees existing institutions from the disabilities under which most of them labour. We have State libraries which are understaffed and poorly financed; State-aided libraries which keep the general public at arm's length in the selfish interests of their private members; municipal libraries which are starved by the government which called them into being; and, as I have shown, a large and valuable array of private and semi-private libraries which could, in many cases, be utilized by the general public if Parliament gave the necessary assistance. Here then is a starting-point for the revision and utilization of the library service of the whole kingdom. Let those educationists whose ideal is the fusing of all existing educational facilities into one harmonious whole apply themselves to this problem, and devise a practicable method of utilizing *all* the libraries of the country to serve as the apparatus of education in all its branches. If books can be made to the general public what they are to the lawyer, the doctor and the clergyman, there will be little need to fear the industrial or literary invasions of

102 UTILIZATION OF LIBRARIES.

foreigners, or to bewail the growth of that spirit of vulgar and illiterate bounce which is said to exist because British education stops at the door of the Board School.

JAMES DUFF BROWN.

## NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

**M**R. MACLEHOSE'S article on the system of net prices for books as it affects libraries is a very welcome contribution to our pages, as all librarians will be glad to see their opponents' case so temperately and courteously stated. I cannot, however, see that Mr. MacLehose holds out any practical inducement to librarians to deal with the local bookseller, and I am sure that if he knew as much of the struggles of the small rate-supported library as he does of the small local bookseller, he would divide his sympathies more equally between the two. It seems to me that municipal librarians in claiming the right to special discounts as a matter of course, and publishers and booksellers in denying this right altogether, are both a little unreasonable. It is obvious that if the purchaser of a five shillings net book at Penzance could insist on having it sixpence cheaper on the ground that it was for a library in Caithness the net system would break down altogether. On the other hand will Mr. MacLehose, or anyone else, contend that the system would be in the least endangered if the Publishers' Association opened a register for contracts between libraries and booksellers for the supply of not less than one hundred pounds' worth of books in the ensuing year, subject to a discount on net books of not more than ten per

104 NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

cent? Furthermore, if the Publishers' Association refused to sanction such contracts, except between libraries and the local booksellers of the districts in which they are situated, would not this do more for the local trade in one year than the present regulations effect in ten? Even so A. W. P. would hardly expect to see any of his own books in local shops, but he would know that a bibliographically minded librarian could get them a little cheaper if he chose to take the trouble of dealing locally, and this seems as much as authors of books of limited interest can expect.

Of course it is quite possible that booksellers, especially the large booksellers whom the present system favours at the expense of the smaller firms for whom Mr. MacLehose pleads, will argue that to allow ten per cent. discount to libraries on notified contracts for net books, would exactly to this extent diminish the gross profits of the trade, and that while admitting the hardship to libraries, they prefer to gain by it rather than to relieve it by however carefully guarded means. Not being myself a municipal librarian, I can hardly estimate to what extent the measures suggested by Messrs. 'Castor' and 'Pollux' would meet this contingency. But I know that the municipal librarians of this country are a very enterprising and longheaded set of men, and that among the members of their library committees in large towns are many persons of wealth and financial ability. If the present short-sighted restrictions are continued, I am quite sure that a Library Co-operative Book-Supply Association, or some institution with an equally high-

## NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK. 105

sounding title, will be formed, which will punctiliously obey all the rules of the Publishers' Association, and quietly circumvent them by returning to their members dividends in proportion to their purchases. Such a co-operative book-supply business would benefit libraries by being able to insist on quality of paper, sewing and binding to which casual book-buyers are serenely indifferent, but which are of serious importance where it is desirable that books should be able to stand hard wear and tear. But its institution would be a real blow to the retail trade, both in town and country, and booksellers would do well not to push librarians to the point at which such a project is certain to be started.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Slater's record of 'Book-Prices Current' for 1903 (Elliot Stock) is as indispensable, as fascinating, and (to the antiquary) as irritating as its predecessors. The modest request which 'The Library' puts up year by year that it may be made a

<sup>1</sup> I am so much more anxious to help forward a reasonable compromise on this question than to defend anything I have myself written on it, that I relegate to a footnote two points on which I think Mr. MacLehose has misunderstood me. (i.) As to the effect of the change to the net system on prices it is possible that we are really at one. If, as I believe has sometimes been done, the price of a discount book has been changed from 6s. to 5s. net, this is nominally a decrease of 15 per cent., but as compared with the former actual cash price of 4s. 6d. it is an increase of rather over 10 per cent., and it was to this I referred. (ii.) As regards fiction and non-fiction, the 'temptation' to buy fiction of which I wrote was that which would come from its being procurable at discount prices. How the net system can lead librarians to buy 'little fiction and much non-fiction' passes my comprehension.

106 NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

little more easy to discover what books have been sold that are of special interest on account of their printers or binders, has no effect in softening Mr. Slater's heart. He still leaves the book-lover interested in bookbinding or typography to make his own index, and the book-buyer of this class naturally resents it. At least nineteen shillings in every one of the three hundred and twenty pounds paid for the Pynson 'Doctrinale' were paid because this is the first dated book from Pynson's press, yet Mr. Slater enters it in his index only under Gallus, and makes no mention there of Pynson. As we have said before, Mr. Slater can afford to treat his readers like this, because his annual record is firmly established, but his policy seems to us short-sighted for all that. In most other respects the book is an excellent record, and is edited in a most business-like and efficient manner; but we must still hope that our annual grievance may be one day removed. In his preface, which is briefer and less interesting than usual, Mr. Slater gives the average price per lot during the season 1902-3, as £3 2s. 10d., this being sixpence less than that of the previous year, and five shillings less than the record average of the year before. The total amount realized was nearly £140,000.

The last few weeks have been prolific of interesting bibliographical books. Mr. W. W. Greg has produced an excellent annotated 'Catalogue of the books presented by Edward Capell to the library of Trinity College in Cambridge,' or, as it is called more shortly on the cover, of 'Capell's Shake-

speariana' (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.). In his own manuscript list of his collection, Capell included some Shakespeare quartos, for which he intended (without doing so) to give references to other libraries, and his gift to Trinity College has thus perhaps been thought even richer than it was, but it is extraordinarily rich as it stands, alike in editions of Shakespeare, in the books he may have read, and in the works of his contemporaries. These are all fully catalogued by Mr. Greg, with collations and notes, which often, as in the case of that to the 1617 edition of Spenser, embody much research in a very compact and unpretentious form.

Another valuable work which may be claimed as belonging to the bibliography (or is it the 'higher bibliography'?) of Shakespeare, though written in English and by a Cape-of-Good-Hope man, Dr. H. R. D. Anders, forms the first volume of 'Schriften der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft,' and is published by Georg Reimer of Berlin (7 marks in paper covers, 8 marks bound). It is entitled 'Shakespeare's Books: a Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading, and the immediate Sources of his Works.' Its seven chapters deal respectively with Shakespeare's references and debts to the classics, to modern Continental literature, to the non-dramatic and the dramatic literature of his own country, to the popular romances, ballads, songs and tunes, story and jest books, to the Bible and Prayer-Book, and the astronomy, geography and travel books of his own day. The treatise only came to hand just as these notes had to be written, or it should receive more critical

notice, but it is impossible, even in cutting the leaves, not to be impressed with the mass of information which it brings together, though it has to be owned that the apologies which Dr. Anders offers for his style are not unneeded.

From Shakespeare to the Bible is a natural transition, and a hearty welcome may be offered to the first volume of the 'Historical Catalogue of the Printed Editions of Holy Scripture in the Library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, compiled by T. H. Darlow and H. F. Moule,' and appropriately dedicated to the memory of Francis Fry, through whom many of the earliest editions came into the Society's possession. This first volume contains the English Bible and its parts, and registers altogether 1,410 editions, of which no fewer than 239 (including one or two facsimile reprints, but excluding duplicates), are earlier than 1611. The transcripts of the titles are disfigured by the perverse transliteration of the majuscule V into the same letter in minuscules in positions where no English printer, except with a bibliographer standing over him, would ever have dreamt of using it. Mr. Greg, we need hardly say, is too experienced to have fallen into this trap, and perhaps to have one book free from it in a quarter is as much as we can expect. The notes and collations to the Bibles, mostly by Mr. Moule, are elaborate and careful, and in several cases possess some historical value. In one of them, indeed, readers are presented with a reprint of Michael Sparke's 'Scintilla, or a Light broken into dark Warehouses,' in which he so effectually ex-

## NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK. 109

posed the tricks in the Bible trade of the sixteenth century.

Another instalment (Volume III.) of Mr. Sayle's catalogue of the early English books at the Cambridge University Library is abundantly welcome, though the work has exceeded its anticipated bulk, so that we have still to wait for the promised index of authors. The most interesting section of this volume is taken up with the list of the books printed abroad for the English market. So far as I know, this is the most varied and extensive collection of such books which has yet been catalogued in such a way as to bring them together under their printers, and although Mr. Sayle neither attains nor claims finality in his results, he has certainly done much to clear the ground for future workers.

From Oxford there has come to hand Mr. Falconer Madan's 'Chart of Oxford Printing,' printed in an edition of one hundred copies for presentation only. It is interesting enough to deserve a far wider circulation, as not only does it show the fluctuations in the output of the Oxford Press, classical, theological and general, but it gives an epitome of the annals of printing at Oxford, and contains reproductions of the first Oxford Sheet Almanack (1674) and of pages of the first books printed at various typographical epochs at Oxford, and also an impression from a rather pretty little copperplate of the Clarendon Press. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Oxford seems to have maintained a comfortable output of thirty or forty

## 110 NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

volumes a year, only shooting up to nearly one hundred and fifty when Charles I. made it his headquarters on the outbreak of the Civil War. But throughout the nineteenth century the upward move, despite occasional dips, was very fairly continuous, an output of a hundred volumes being attained in 1830, when the Clarendon Press was opened, two hundred in the seventies, and three hundred in 1893, since when production seems to have fluctuated between that total and some fifty less.

M. Henri Pène du Bois, whose '*Four Private Libraries of New York*' will be remembered agreeably by many book-lovers, has just compiled an interesting monograph of a similar character, describing the '*American Bookbindings in the Library of Henry William Poor*.' M. Du Bois' descriptions are aided by upwards of forty illustrations 'in gold leaf and colours' by Edward Bierstadt, and as these are admirably executed and the book is printed only in a limited edition it is perhaps unreasonable to complain that it should not be obtainable at any smaller ransom than five pounds a copy. Yet, like Mr. Hoe's catalogue of his English books, published at four pounds a volume, this record of Mr. Poor's cabinet of bindings is interesting enough to make one regret that American collectors do not imitate in this matter the liberality of Mr. Huth, Mr. Locker Lampson, Sir Thomas Brooke, and other English owners, who have been content to allow book-lovers and students to buy their catalogues at prices a good deal below the cost of production.

## NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK. 111

No public library ever expects to make its catalogues pay for themselves, and it is a pity that private owners should be more anxious to recoup themselves.

The interest of M. Pène du Bois' volume lies in its evidence of the excellent work which is being done in several American binderies. The vogue of pretty cloth cases in the United States, as in England, has kept bookbinders from the pitfall of 'appropriate' designs by which so many French binders have been ensnared. The pictorial crudities, which we pass lightly enough when they are stamped on paper or cloth, are altogether unworthy of being preserved on so beautiful a material as leather. Mr. Poor, at any rate, has shown them little favour. The books he has had clothed for him at the Adams Bindery, the Club Bindery, or by Mr. William Matthews, are almost all dressed in excellent taste, and though there is no such absolute originality as may be found in the best work of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Douglas Cockerell, great skill has been shown in developing old Italian patterns on new and yet quite harmonious lines.

The evidence of good work offered by this volume is the more gratifying because both in America and in England the progress of bookbinding is threatened by a real danger from the crowd of half amateur binders who are in too great haste to make money to be content to serve a full seven years' apprenticeship, who often have been trained for hardly more than this number of months, and then hurry home, with one good bit of binding as a

112 NOTES ON BOOKS AND WORK.

show-piece, which they have executed under their master's eye, and never do another to equal it. As a rule they begin at once to take pupils, and in superintending these lose all their little craftsmanship. Meanwhile book-lovers still find it hard to get their working books strongly and beautifully bound. Few of us can afford ten or fifteen guinea jackets even for our most precious possessions. What we want is a binder who will put really beautiful work into half-bindings, and slightly decorated whole ones. The firms who can do this are never at a loss for work, and there is room for many more of them. But the aspirations of the semi-amateur do not seem to lie in this direction.

A. W. P.

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